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(No. 2.)

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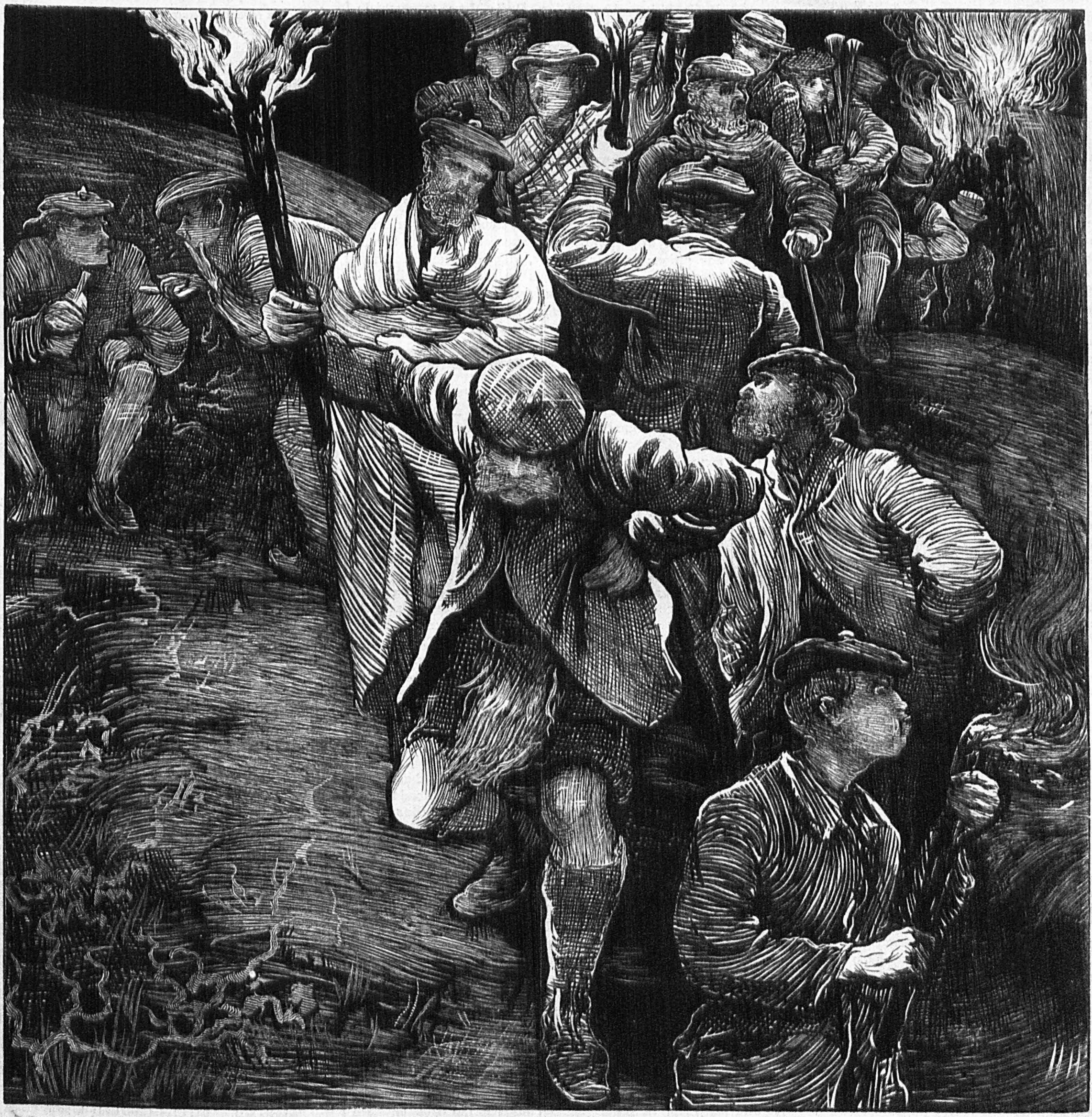


THE ROYAL WEDDING: BONFIRE ON BEN NEVIS.

A ROMANTIC WEDDING.

THE marriage of the Princess Louise has been more popular than any Royal Wedding in Her Majesty's family, except that of the Prince of Wales; and, in one element, it may be said to have surpassed the event which made the Princess Alexandra the wife of the heir to the throne of England. It is more romantic. In the case of Prince Albert Edward, the State relations of the alliance overshadowed the domestic. To welcome the daughter of the King of Denmark to England, as our future queen, was a pleasant duty, which occupied all minds in such a degree that the wedding itself became a secondary consideration. She took the hearts of the people by storm on her arrival. The country gave her a reception almost unexampled, and adopted her as its daughter, and committed her to the care of the Prince of Wales as a precious charge for which they held him responsible. That was something like the universal feeling. In the case of the espousals at Windsor this week, the public interest is entirely engaged in the wedding itself. It forms a sensation chapter in that romance of real life which is so dear to the public mind. These are the events which connect the ambrosial world of imagination with the common-place, everyday business in which we are all engaged. They somehow keep in check that unpleasant scepticism which grows up outside the covers of our story-books. It unfortunately happens that the charm of most people's lives is a good deal marred. There is so much alloy everywhere—the brightness of things is so easily dimmed—that we seem to look through a perpetual cloud. In his heart everybody is more or less romantic. It is experience, and our manner of regarding and estimating it, that makes the difference. There are a few who stand by the freshness of primordial feeling, and in a way of their own insist that the unpleasant is the less real and the more easily set aside. But these good creatures are the exceptions. They are regarded as enthusiasts whose testimony is not of much value. Nothing is so tangible, nothing presents such direct and irrefragable proof of its existence as evil. The faithlessness of the unfaithful none can gainsay. The wasting away of affection is dreadfully palpable. The cares which put sentimentality to flight are very hard facts. The annoyances of social life—the ill-temper, the selfishness, the shady side of bright dispositions, the large element of adulteration that enters into the composition of the best and most desirable of domestic and friendly relations—are not easily witched away. So the world grows prosy and untender of heart, for the hidden gift of romance is not wholly within the power of books to reproduce. The fossil poetry and the permanent presentment of the imagery of other men's thoughts to be found in literature are enough to the minds of a few, but the souls of the many are made of less penetrable stuff. Only the events of actual life can touch them. This royal marriage has been one of the things by which they are convicted. All manner of opinions are held by different people, and there are a thousand points of view in which the alliance of the Princess with the Marquis of Lorne is regarded. But everybody acknowledges the romance of the situation. Everybody looks upon the wedding as a testimony to something—not too good to be true, because it *is* true—which common experience has discounted. Here are a real hero and heroine, both young, accomplished, distinguished, engaging. One is a princess, the other is a mere subject. A barrier stood between them, and love has overleapt it. No theory but the theory of overmastering affection will account for the culmination of this charming story. Tradition has been set aside. Example has been made of no account. Ineffectual has been the pride of regal blood. One sister married the Prince Royal of Prussia, on whom the eyes of all the world have been fixed during those months in which the latest royal marriage was announced—a Prince who will at no distant date be the most powerful monarch in Europe; but the Princess Louise has chosen for her husband an English lord, who will never reign over empire or principality, nor be the father of kings: for no other reason than that on which the poets and romancists and playwrights build their fantastic and oftentimes too much discredited superstructures. There is no discordant foot in this pretty idyll, and the covers of the book cannot be closed upon it. The bell will not ring for the dropping of the curtain. The stage on which this real hero and heroine are playing their parts is the stage of life. The drama is a lesson to the cynic, and a delicious reassurance to those who have preserved a secret faith in the good things which belong to the regions of romance. Wedding bells are mostly pleasant music to young and old, but the bells which rung from a thousand steeples on Tuesday in token that the Princess Louise had been made the wife of the young and doubly happy Marquis of Lorne made marriage melody of more than common sweetness to the ears of Englishmen and Englishwomen in every part of this land.

OUR LONDON NOTE-BOOK.

THE THAMES TUNNEL AS IT IS.

ONE of our artists, mindful of the great change that has taken place in the aspect of the interior of the old Thames Tunnel within the last two years, has presented our readers with a picture of that extraordinary work of engineering converted into a line of railway connecting the south side of the river with the north. That wonderful sub-fluvial passage is now nothing more than a railway tunnel. No doubt it is much more useful in its new character than in its old, and the men and women of the generation now growing up will take it to be the most natural thing in the world that they should run from Rotherhithe to Wapping by steam and know no difference between boring through the bed of the Thames and cutting through the heart of Primrose Hill. But to those of us who have seen this century emerge from early youth into middle life, the case is different. "Has it come to this?" we cannot help asking. There have been a good many eighth wonders of the world, but there never was one to hold its own with Mr. Brunel's tunnel. There was a time when all England watched the progress of the works with a something like breathless interest. The building of the *Great Eastern* steamship, and the supernaturally hard job the builders had in launching her—events of much more modern date, and of no common interest—were as nothing to the construction of the Thames Tunnel. There was no *Daily Telegraph* then, or *Daily News*, to chronicle sensationally the accidents, and inundations, and triumphs of the work, but those who did not read the accounts in the *Times* had their *Weekly Dispatch*, or some other popular Sunday organ, which furnished the most circumstantial descriptions of the labours and anxieties, the little encouragements and the large discouragements which marked the progress or the stoppage of the excavation and construction from week to week and from year to year. This was the first subaquæous tunnel of any account ever made in the world, people were often enough reminded. There had been borings before, but they were under hills. One M. Riquet led the way in the days of Louis XIV., by making a tunnel at Bezières, in France, to facilitate inland navigation; and Mr. Brindly, with the same object, ran a canal through the uplands on the Duke of Bridgewater's estate, near Manchester, about a hundred years ago. Since then tunnelling has been a favourite pastime among the railway engineers, some of whom have been charged with going out of their way for the fun of boring a hole through a hill. Five years ago it was computed that there were some eighty miles of railway tunnel in this kingdom, made at a gross cost of about half a million sterling. But what were all these to the Thames Tunnel—the first that was made under water. This work swallowed up millions and cried out for more! At the beginning of the century a scheme was started to make a tunnel under the Thames at Gravesend, but Mr. I. K. Brunel's enterprise was a scheme and something more. His design was made in 1823, and a company was formed in the course of the following year. A bill was hastily run through Parliament, and received the Royal assent on the 24th of June, 1824. In March, 1825, Mr. William Smith, M.P., laid the first stone, and the wits and sceptical engineers of the day poked a good deal of cheap fun at Mr. Brunel because the excavation was begun on the 1st of April in that year. The first horizontal driving commenced in December, and on the 18th of May, 1827, came the alarm of an irruption of water, the breach being something more than 500 feet from the shaft. In the following January occurred another irruption, accompanied by the loss of six lives, and many thousands of people called out loudly against the further pursuit of this difficult and dangerous undertaking. The works were, indeed, suspended for eight years, but the job was not abandoned. In 1836 the labour was resumed; in 1838 the water once again flooded the Tunnel, but in November, 1841, the work was completed. On the 25th of March, 1843, it was opened throughout for foot-passengers, and was visited by the Queen in July of the same year, Her Majesty having previously conferred the dignity of knighthood on the engineer in honour of his victory over what were then stupendous difficulties. But the Tunnel was always regarded rather as an engineering than as a commercial triumph. The cost was too great. Had the passage been used only for the convenience of traffic, the receipts would have been miserably inadequate; but for many years it was one of the sights of London. No visitor from the country in those days ever thought of travelling to the metropolis without paying his penny to go through the Tunnel. He would not have dared to face his friends on his return to the fastnesses of his native county if he had been compelled to confess that he had omitted the Tunnel from his programme. Yet, in truth, it hardly paid for the trouble. He descended a good many steps; he looked up at the walls of the shaft, whereon appeared sundry cartoons, after the manner of the wall paintings at the entrance of a cheap music hall; and he walked through a very damp gas-lighted gallery, under walls and rounded ceiling exuding moisture, and emerged into the daylight at the top of a flight of stairs at the opposite end. This Tunnel, we ought, for completeness' sake, to say is 1,300 feet long, 35 feet broad, and 20 feet high, and there is a depth of 15 feet between the crown of the arch and the bed of the river.

The rather sparse foot-passenger traffic, after little more than twenty years, had to give place to the genius of the railways. The Thames Tunnel Company was dissolved in 1866; in 1867 the work was sold to the East London Railway Company for £173,600; it was closed to foot passengers on the 20th of July, 1869; and it now connects the South Eastern with the North Eastern Railway system of the metropolis. The appearance of the Tunnel is not very different now from what it was in its early days. Those who have never seen this eighth wonder of the world, either in the day when its chief traffic consisted of pedestrians, or in its more recent and more prosperous railway aspect, may form a very accurate notion of what it is like from the engraving which is given on our 37th page.

PERQUISITES.

A popular old political cry consisted in the denunciation of "privilege." "No privilege," was as familiar a sound at one time as "No monopoly" grew to be afterwards. Is it the political or the social reformer who should take up the cry of "No perquisites"?

Perquisites are monstrously abused. We have an instance in point, and it is fresh in our London Note Book. A poor old decrepit woman sits at a stall at the corner of a street, selling, or trying to sell, apples. The weather is bitterly cold, and she looks pinched and hungry. Trade is dull. If it were not, her occupation would soon be gone, for her stock is very small. If a passer-by were to purchase the lot the proceeds would not much more than procure the poor old creature a dinner. To the apple-woman up lounges a policeman, hale, dignified, warmly dressed in great coat and blue helmet. He does not warn the stall-keeper and stall to move on. On the contrary, he is gracious in his way, and he asks her—*Has she an apple or two to spare?* She has, of course. She gives him a double handful of the best in stock. He puts them in his pocket, and walks off grandly, as if it could not enter into his mind that he has done a mean thing. The apple-woman, however, was content. She had paid toll. She had secured to herself a certain prescriptive right to retain possession of that corner of the pavement, and to go on vending her apples. The incident, illustrative of the philosophy of perquisites, is worth making a note of. There are privileges as well as duties on the policeman's beat.

SULPHUR.

We ask the attention of the directors of the Metropolitan Railway to that very trying bit of underground travelling between King's Cross and Gower-street stations. Is there no method they can adopt to render the air in that part of the tunnel less oppressive to the organs of respiration? The distance is short, the time of passage is very brief, the accommodation of the line is great beyond calculation, the management of the system is in every respect excellent. Could the traveller but be spared the sulphur in that three-quarters of a mile, his obligations to the directors would be great. At present the annoyance unquestionably diminishes the traffic, and the consequence must be in the end such competition as will materially injure the interests of the company. It may be beyond the power of the managers of the line to remedy this defect. Is it so? Then we turn to the men of science. It is they and their engineering friends who have introduced us to the underground railway system. Can they not devise a plan for neutralising the accumulation of sulphureous vapour?

MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.—The *Globe* says—Taylor Brothers' Maravilla Cocoa has achieved a thorough success, and supersedes every other cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, delicate aroma, and all the concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For Homœopaths and invalids we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage.—Sold in packets only, by all grocers. Sole proprietors, Taylor Brothers, London. [272

IMPORTANT.—14, Carr's Lane, Birmingham. Established 1861, for the sale of Pure Tea. Connoisseurs pronounce the Tea sold at this Warehouse superior to any that can be obtained elsewhere. Twenty-five per cent. saved in value. [24

PURE WATER.—ALFRED BIRD, Experimental Chemist, begs to announce that he has perfected his new CARBON FILTER, price 7s. 6d. each, which he guarantees shall deliver 60 gallons of the purest water daily.—To be seen in action at 69, Worcester-street, Birmingham. [930

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—In cases of chronic indigestion, disordered liver, and general debility, these Pills are wonderfully effective. They indeed have so general and powerful an effect on the whole system that they clear away or ward off most of the ills that flesh is heir to. They cleanse the bowels, purify the blood, correct biliousness, give tone to the stomach, excite a healthy appetite, produce sound sleep, and impart increased energy to both mind and body. The admirable properties of these far-famed Pills are too highly appreciated to require lengthened encomium here, as they are resorted to by rich and poor of every nation. The cures they effect are not temporary or imperfect, but are seen in a marvellous and most beneficial change throughout the entire body, which enables it with renovated powers to resist the approach of all future attacks.

CAUTION AGAINST THE USE OF POISONOUS HAIR WASHES.—Dr. Chandler, Chemist to the Board of Health, New York, found of fifteen Hair Restorers analysed that all contained lead; the public should, therefore, use those preparations only that are harmless and do not dye the hair. Fowler and Sheppard's Bay Rum is the best of these. All should use this charming wash, it cleanses and cools the head, prevents scurf, and promotes the growth of the hair in a marvellous degree; for children it is invaluable; no nursery or toilet should be without it. As a lotion it surpasses Eau de Cologne or Toilet Vinegar. Direct from the proprietors, Fowler and Sheppard, Chemists, 51, Hollywood Road, West Brompton, and 36, Elgin Crescent, Notting Hill, in bottles, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each; 4s. 6d. bottles carriage free to all railway stations. Also from all chemists. [294

LITERATURE AND ART.

THE second division of "The Franco-Prussian War: Its Causes, Incidents, and Consequences," has appeared, containing finely-executed portraits of King William, Bismarck, and Moltke; views of Cologne and Mannheim: maps of Sedan, Woerth, and a coloured map of France, together with illustrations of the Gatling mitrailleuse. It is edited by Captain H. M. Hozier.

ROUTLEDGE'S "Shakespeare," accompanied with John Gilbert's beautiful illustrations, is being republished. It is neatly printed in large type and on toned paper. Messrs. Routledge are also reproducing their "Illustrated Natural History."

MR. W. MICHAEL ROSSETTI has finished his detailed comparison of Chaucer's "Troylus," with Boccaccio's "Filostrato," for the Chaucer Society. He has translated all the lines translated or condensed by Chaucer from the Italian, and has abstracted the lines that Chaucer did not use. The result is that, out of the 8,246 lines in the "Troylus," Chaucer adapted 2,583 into his "Troylus," condensing these from 2,730 lines of the "Filostrato." Therefore less than a third of the "Troylus" is taken from Boccaccio. Mr. Rossetti's treatise will be printed this year for the Chaucer Society, and issued in January next.

THE *Morning Post*, dating from 1772, the *Times* from 1788, and the *Public Ledger*, are now the only daily newspapers in London whose careers began before the current century.

THE Japanese have but one newspaper, which comes out once a month, in the shape of a stitched pamphlet of about 100 pages.

"MEMOIRS and Letters of the late J. C. Philpot, M.A.," will shortly be published by Mr. Gadsby.

From Day to Day, a new penny paper, has ceased.

MR. MAGUIRE, it is said, will shortly publish a novel, to be called "The New Generation; or 1900." The story, it is believed, will show the ladies in Parliament.

IT is reported that Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., is engaged on a subject from the life of Anne Boleyn.

AMONG the new South African publications are two productions of the New Diamond Field—its first newspapers and the first issues of its press—the *Diamond News* and the *Diamond Fields*; the *Zingari*, an illustrated comic paper at Cape Town; the *Kafir Express*, printed at the Lovedale Mission Station; and the *Natal Almanack*, by Mr. John Robinson, a statistical annual.

THE author of "The History of British Journalism," Mr. Alexander Andrews, is editing an English translation of M. Coucheval-Clarigny's "Histoire de la Presse en Angleterre et aux Etats Unis." The work is to appear monthly in the first instance in the *Newspaper Press*.

THE *Athenæum* announces a work by Mr. J. Murray-Graham, entitled an "Historical View of Literature and Art in Great Britain, from the Accession of the House of Hanover to the Reign of Queen Victoria."

A GERMAN translation of the "War Correspondence of the *Daily News*" has been brought out in Berlin.

Notes and Queries says Mr. Boxall has consented to resume the directorship of the National Gallery.

THE *Echo* says an association has been started in London, called the English Literary Society, for the purpose of affording to authors an independent medium between them and the publishers, and to assist in publishing works of importance.

THERE is a new newspaper at Barranquilla, in Colombia, called the *Precio Corriente*.

THE Russians have published a newspaper in the Kirghiz language in Central Asia.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce a new work by Canon Lightfoot, "On a Fresh Revision of the English New Testament."

THE *Rock* hears that the issue of the Bishop of Argyll's *Present Day Papers* is to be suspended for lack of public support.

M. GOUNOD has chosen the Latin words of the Psalm "By the waters of Babylon" as the subject for his composition at the opening of the Royal Albert Hall.

MR. THOMAS C. FENWICK, a name well known in connection with the leading journals of the East Indies for the last thirty years, has undertaken a series of Articles on the Past, Present, and Future of Newspapers in India for the *Newspaper Press*, of which the first Paper will appear in the April issue of that journal.

"WITH a Show in the North: Reminiscences of Mark Lemon," is published this week by W. H. Allen and Co., publishers to the India Office. The work is handsomely bound and contains, in addition to the reminiscences, Mark Lemon's text of "Falstaff," and his last song, which is set to characteristic music by Walter Maynard.

LAPUTA OUTDONE.—A singular discovery is announced by the *Echo Rochelais* as having been made by a French professor at the College of Saintes, in Charente Inférieure. It consists of the singular fact of actually bottling the sun's rays and utilising them at pleasure. The writer describes the operation as follows:—The professor takes a vase—the material is not mentioned—and exposes it in a certain position to the direct action of the sun's rays. After it has thus absorbed the heat for the space of a quarter of an hour, it is closed with a cork and hermetically sealed, a small aperture being left in the cork. Affixing a powerful lens to the vase, he causes the solar rays to converge to a point upon the wick of a common candle, placed on a table at a distance of one yard from the vase. In less than three seconds the wick ignites and lights the candle, which burns steadily. The writer states that the experiment was tried several times, and was equally successful on each occasion.

SKINFLINT—who "gives nothing to street beggars"—buttoned his pockets on being approached by a soldier, and said: "My dear fellow, I never can repay the debt I owe you—the debt we all owe you for your noble self-sacrifice! Money can't do it! It is of no use trying!" With this patriotic utterance he walked away.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

"ROWENA; or the Poet's Daughter" (Hodder and Stoughton), is the title of a new poem in blank verse, by James Cargill Guthrie. It consists of a long and tedious dialogue between a poet and his daughter. The poet conceives that his writings have not been sufficiently lauded by the public, on account of which neglect he sinks into a state of semi-despondency and disgust. He half believes that he has been making a mistake in his course of life, and in his library, at night, he contemplates the destruction of his manuscripts with the determination to begin a new career to win, not fame, but gold. He makes a gloomy soliloquy, which is overheard by Rowena, and when he is on the point of destroying his papers she interferes. Then they begin a very dry argument, which is carried on to the end of the book; the daughter maintaining that the present is not an unpoetical age, the purpose of the book being to prove this assertion. The author speaks of the Bank, Lombard-street, railway trains, stations, points, and lines in high-flown language, but where these words occur we fail to detect poetry. There is mannerism in the book, and the same words and ideas are frequently repeated. The word "afar" is used too often, and when used is placed at the end of a line to give a twanging sound. Although only rant in a small degree, it is objectionable when found in all parts of the poem. For instance: "All pointing to thy vision, fixed *afar*." "Grand in its glorious beauty, seen *afar*," "Dim reaching love, in mystic gloom *afar*," "And yet 'twas my delight to roam *afar*," "Hark! songs of gladness from *afar*,"

"Hark! shouts of victory *from afar*,

* * * * *

O welcome, hail! blessed *evening star*."

This last quotation is not unlike the following lines in "The Minstrel," by Dr. Beattie:—

"When the long sounding curfew *from afar*

* * * * * * *

Young Edwin lighted by the *evening star*."

"Rowena," however, is stamped with the mark of originality, and the author now and then makes use of some good language.

Literary schemes which have budded, bloomed, and died before harvest time would be a good subject for a magazine paper. How many books that were to make fortunes for their authors have died out unknown! How many newspapers and other publications bursting with promises in No. 1 have come to grief before the first sheets were hardly dry. The latest example is before us. It is called *From Day to Day*. There is a gushing editorial address, bright, hopeful, splendid in promises. The Editor signs his name in full, and he and his contributors commence several startling serial stories. A cookery page is opened "to be continued" from week to week, and the last page of the journal bristles with announcements of novelties to come.

> "The conductor of this journal desires to express his sincere thanks for the many kind offers of co-operation he has received from ladies and gentlemen connected with literature and art. He greatly regrets that he has found it impossible to reply promptly to all the letters he has received, but he assures the writers that their communications have been carefully noted, and shall receive due attention at an early date."

Further it is announced that "every portion of this journal is original and copyright, and all rights of reproduction and translation are rigidly reserved to the authors." The paper is dated February 18. No. 2 has never appeared. All the stories are "to be continued" at very critical junctures. What a way the readers must be in who filled their weak minds with the first chapters! Fancy going about the world with the first parts of several unfinished romances in your head. *From Day to Day* burst suddenly into bloom. A nipping frost scattered the early leaves. Endless night has set in. There is no more *From Day to Day*, and nobody will ever know what became of that poor boy who was being "tried in the fire" of No. 1. Let us hope some smart writer will take up this theme and write a paper on "Books that Died, and Journals that Did not Live."

In a previous number we drew attention to the cheap edition of the "Waverley Novels" published by David Wilson, of Glasgow. We have received the second volume, and pronounce it the cheapest and best reprint of the day. In addition to a whole novel for a shilling, there are two excellent illustrations. This edition of the famous Scotchman's works is specially produced for the people. We shall be curious to learn how far the working classes appreciate the work.

THE CATTLE DISEASE.—An Order in Council has been issued that cattle brought from any place in the territory of the French Republic, or from any place in Belgium, shall not be landed at any port or place in Great Britain. Cattle, sheep, or goats, being or having been on board any vessel at the same time with any cattle brought from any such place as aforesaid, shall not be landed at any port or place in Great Britain. The following articles brought from any such places shall not be landed at any port or place in Great Britain:—Fresh meat, fresh hides, unmelted fat, hoofs, horns, manure, or hay.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE *Musical Standard* says that a powerful electric organ is being built by Messrs. Bryceson and Co., for the Alhambra Palace, Leicester-square, where it will shortly be erected, to supplement the band in some grand orchestral effects.

MISS KATE SANTLEY is retiring from the stage.

MR. COMPTON has been playing in "Handsome is that Handsome Does" at Dublin.

IT is stated Miss Neilson will not return to London this season.

"AN English Gentleman" will be brought out at the Haymarket on the 1st of April, with Mr. Sothern in the chief part.

A VERSION of "Esmeralda," by Mr. Andrew Halliday, in which Miss Furtado will play the heroine, is in preparation at the Adelphi.

MDLLE. ILMA DI MURSKA and Wieniawski are going to America.

MISS CLARA KELLOGG, the charming young American vocalist, is about to retire (temporarily) from the stage.

OFFENBACH is not a Frenchman, as has been stated, but a native of Cologne, being the son of the Jewish chanter or clergyman of that place, under whose roof he remained until he was almost of age, when he went to France, and was there naturalised. His music is proscribed at the Parisian theatres.

SIGNOR BEVIGNANI, of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, has, it is said, declined the post of conductor at the Opera Imperial, St. Petersburg, for the next winter season.

A NEW burlesque is being written for the Royalty by Mr. Reece.

MR. BERNARD DIXON, who wrote "Behind a Mask" at the Royalty, is not, as has been rumoured, "The Besieged Resident," but a Nottingham barrister.

THE "Passion" of Sebastian Bach is to be heard within the walls of Westminster Abbey, on Holy Thursday, the 6th of April next, being the day before Good Friday. It is purposed to hold a solemn penitential service in the evening, when the sermon will be preached by Dr. Stanley, the Dean.

THE *Orchestra* says that Drury Lane will not open this season for Italian opera. Mr. Mapleson's company are expected at Her Majesty's Theatre.

MR. BUCKSTONE has taken a new lease of the Haymarket Theatre. He has been lessee for seventeen years.

MR. CHARLES HALLE concluded his series of grand concerts at Manchester on the 9th inst. The next series will commence in October.

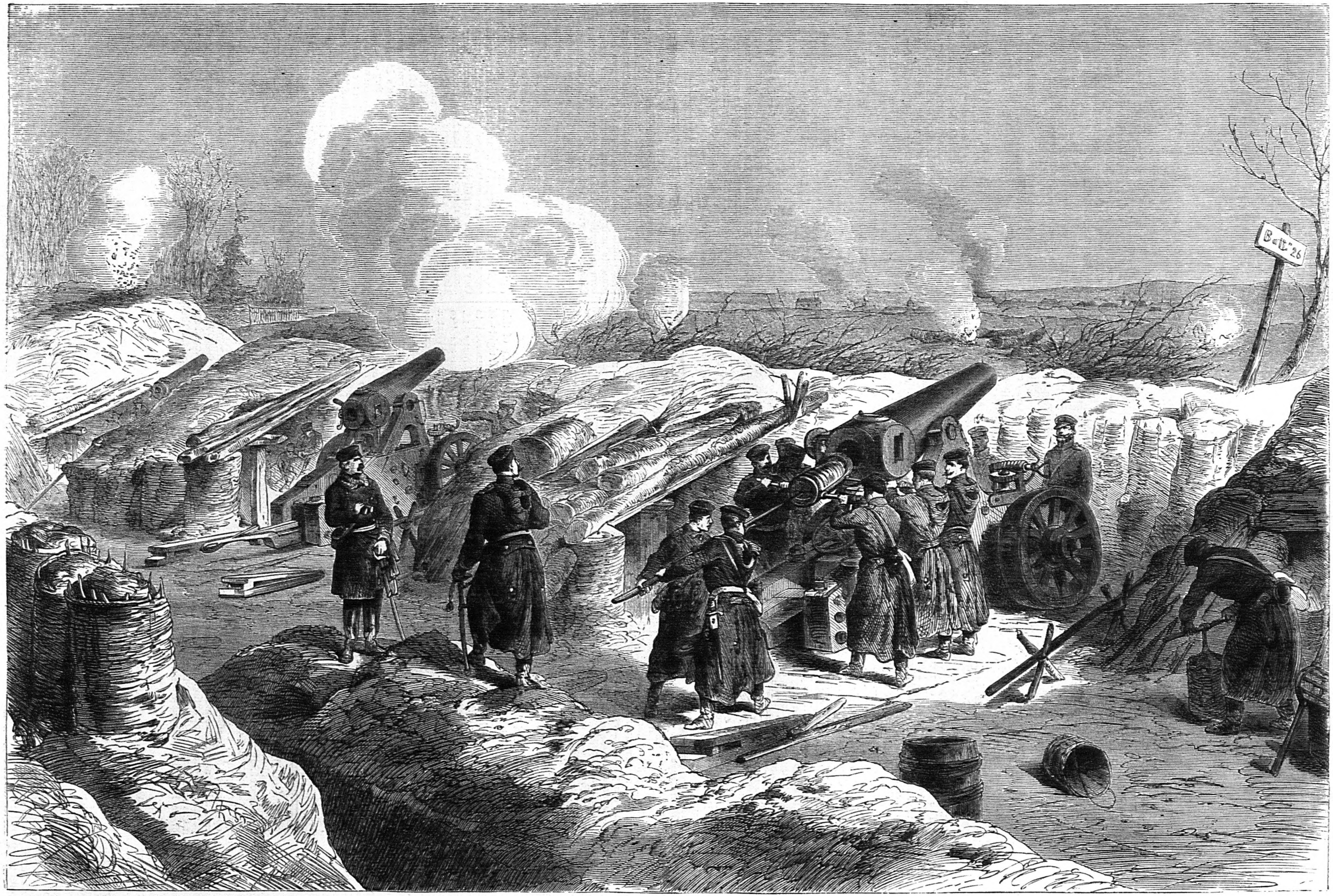
MR. HENRY STEINWAY, the founder of the great firm of pianoforte makers at New York, died recently.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA will be the conductor of Mr. Mapleson's opera company during the coming season.

A FINE violin, by Straduarius, formerly the property of Viotti, was sold the other day at Puttick and Simpson's for £150.

DEATH OF MR. ROBERT CHAMBERS.—Dr. Robert Chambers, a member of the eminent publishing firm of Edinburgh and London, died on Friday morning, aged sixty-nine. The names of William and Robert Chambers have been long and favourably known in connection with cheap literature, and the history of these two brothers presents many features of interest. They were both born in Peebles, William in 1800 and Robert in 1802. Both brothers received a good education in their native town, Robert passing through a complete classical course, as preparatory to his adopting a learned profession. Through the misfortunes of their father, a cotton manufacturer on a scale of some extent, they at an early age were left dependent on their own exertions, by which their natural energy and self-reliance were called into play. The family having removed from Peebles to Edinburgh, William and Robert conducted separate establishments as booksellers until 1832, when they united in establishing their well-known *Journal*. Since that time their course has been steadily upwards. Many anecdotes are told of their early struggles, their incessant labours, their ingenuity, and, above all, of their self-denial. At an early period of life, Mr. Robert Chambers published his "Traditions of Edinburgh" (1824), and "Picture of Scotland" (1828), and contributed seven historical volumes to "Constable's Miscellany," including a very popular work, "The History of the Rebellion of 1745-6." Among the more important works the firm have published are their "Information for the People," the "Cyclopædia of English Literature," "Instructive and Entertaining Library and Tracts," "Educational Course," and "A Cyclopædia for the People." Mr. Robert Chambers has devoted great attention to literature and science. His chief works, besides those mentioned, are "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," the "Life and Works of Burns," and the "Domestic Annals of Scotland." His "Ancient Sea Margins" is an important contribution to geological science. "The Book of Scotland," and "Things as they are in America," are Mr. William Chambers's chief works. In the early part of 1860 a splendid institution erected at Peebles, at the cost of Mr. William Chambers, was opened. It includes a museum, library, &c., and is a judicious application of the wealth which that gentleman had so worthily acquired during his successful career. A few years ago he was called to the civic dignity of Lord Provost of Edinburgh, during his tenure of which office he was distinguished for his attention to the duties and the interest he evinced in the sanitary and general improvement of the city. The brothers continued to act as editors of a variety of useful popular works, their crowning effort in cheap literature being "Chambers's Encyclopædia," which numbered among its contributors the well-known Dr. Bruce. The establishment of the firm in Edinburgh employs nearly 200 hands, and their premises in the High-street now form one of the sights of the Scottish capital.

THE TWO SAMS.—It is said that Mr. Sam Marling, as well as Mr. Sam Morley, is to have the honour of a baronetage.

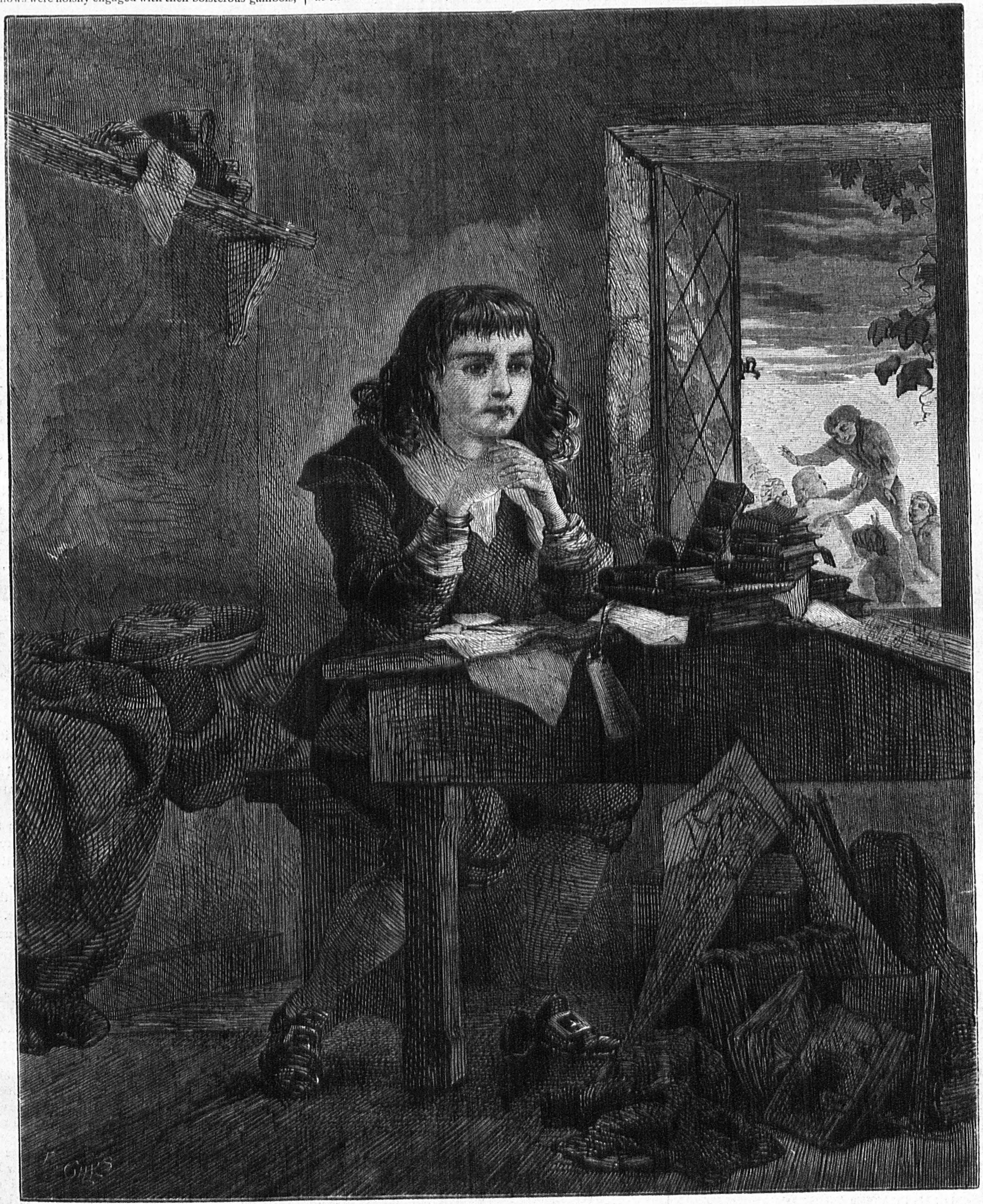


BEFORE PARIS: A PRUSSIAN BATTERY BEFORE ST. DENIS.

THE BOY-PHILOSOPHER.

AFTERWARDS SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THIS great philosopher was born at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, on Christmas Day, 1642. At an early age he was sent to the village school, where he neither pleased his teacher nor won the admiration of his schoolfellows. He was the "last boy" in the class, his lessons were seldom known, and his teacher was never satisfied with his conduct. The boy Newton took no interest in the games which his companions delighted in; these games were uninteresting to him. Often on a twilight evening, amid the book litter of the schoolroom, while his schoolfellows were noisily engaged with their boisterous gambols, would our boy-philosopher be quietly resting his chin on his hands, pondering dreamily over problems that he was destined in after life to solve. When his schoolfellows roamed in the meadows, gathering wild flowers or blackberries, he would be sitting on the old wooden benches of the schoolroom mending a kite, or cutting out some toy. "What a dull boy was Newton," thought they; always last in the class, loving to sit alone, avoiding companionship with his schoolmates—satisfied to spend a whole summer's afternoon making toys with a meaning, or drawing a picture. But, ask our young readers, when did Newton begin to improve his mind? and how came he to be so great a man as he was? Well, one day a schoolfellow, who was much higher in the class than Newton, gave the latter a violent kick in the stomach, which not only aroused his anger, but made him determined to get *above* that boy in the school. From this time, by dint of hard study and fixed resolution, he became the first boy in the school.



SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S BOYHOOD.

At fifteen years of age, Newton was taken from Grantham School to work on his mother's farm. But he took more interest in reading ballads, and making sun-dials and mechanical toys, than in going to the market, or attending to the farmyard; and on this account his mother sent him to Trinity College, Cambridge. Here it was his genius shone forth; when only twenty-four years of age he discovered "A New Method of Fluxions." Three years later, whilst lying on the greensward, at the back of the house, the fall of an apple from the tree led his thoughts to the subject of gravity, which resulted in his great discovery of the "System of the Universe," and, by the by, illustrates the importance of "little things":—

> "Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
> Make the boundless ocean, and the beauteous land,
> And the little moments, humble though they be,
> Make the mighty ages of eternity." . . . .

In 1662, our hero, afterwards knighted, was made a Fellow of the Royal Society; and, shortly after his election, he introduced a new "Theory of Light and Colour." This theory did not gain popular favour, but met with great opposition from the philosophers of the day. This caused Newton much disappointment and anxiety, and had not Dr. Halley, a kind friend, given him counsel and encouragement, he would probably have discontinued all his philosophical experiments; and the world might never have seen his "Principia." But the advice of a true friend had weight with Newton. After long study of this system, which broke upon men's minds as the sun does upon an April day, so brightly that we are amazed at its brilliancy, the "Principia" only flashed upon the intellect for a moment, and was then lost in the darkness of the past; but at length, being taken up by the Marquis L'Hopital, the learned French geometrician, it received a fair amount of popular favour. In 1696 Newton was appointed "Warden of the Mint;" in 1703 elected President of the Royal Society. Queen Anne bestowed upon him the order of knighthood, and George II. and Queen Caroline distinguished him by numerous favours.

The last years of his long and useful life were marked by much suffering, and the well-known anecdote of his death-bed is worth repeating—it was in allusion to the little he knew of the world and its marvels. "He felt," he said, "like a little child at the sea-side trying to count the grains of sand." On March 20, 1727, Newton died, and his remains were buried with much splendour in Westminster Abbey. Newton was an eminent example of extreme simplicity allied to real greatness; and in the boy-student at school was foreshadowed the eminent philosopher of the "System of the Universe," by which the after-times have been benefited. The ultimate results of Newton's discoveries upon future ages it is impossible to predict.

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THE London Publishing Office of this Paper is at 102, Fleet-street, where the trade can now be supplied early on Friday mornings.

COMMUNICATIONS for the Publisher should be addressed to 102, Fleet-street, London, E.C. All letters for the Editor must be addressed "Editor, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, 72, Turnmill-street, London, E.C."

FROM March 18 until July 1 the rate of charges for Advertisements will be:—

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A FEW words by way of introduction to this New Series of the *Illustrated Midland News*—we might almost say to this new paper.

We have already shown the public that an illustrated newspaper can be produced for threepence. The encouragement which we have received induces us to go a step further. We mean to prove that an illustrated paper *equal to the best pictorial journals of the day* can be produced for THREEPENCE. The present number may be taken as an earnest of our sincerity.

We will share the profits of our undertaking with our patrons. A large increase of circulation shall be continually met by an increased expenditure in the production of our pictures. Acting upon this principle, we believe that in a few months THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be the most popular work of its kind ever produced.

These are bold words. We shall act up to them; and as we merit public favour, we trust the measure of our deserts may be meted out to us. With which hope in the future, we combine our very hearty thanks for kindly consideration and support in the past.

THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, MARCH 25, 1871.

THE French as a nation will suffer in every way by the heartless insurrection in Paris. English sympathies are again rudely shocked by the wicked and cruel outbreak. The National Guard, having proved themselves arrant cowards in the field, have confirmed their miserable reputation by a revolt against order, and an act of assassination of the blackest and most horrible kind. The Government has been much to blame. Knowing how completely temporising with a mob has always failed, they should have swept Montmartre clean at the first sign of rebellion. The cruellest and most despicable in the world, a Paris mob is also the most cowardly. They require to be ruthlessly dealt with. Patience and forbearance they interpret into fear. It is hard to say what will be the result of the victory of the Reds in Paris. The attitude of the press and the great mass of the citizens is in favour of peace and order. This is the only light that relieves the sombre picture drawn by the *Echo du Nord*, which declares that never since the battle of Poitiers has France found itself in a situation so grave. Neither the prostitution of ISABELLA of Bavaria nor the capture of FRANCIS I. at Pavia; the ambition of LOUIS XIV., nor the childish and monstrous egotism of NAPOLEON I. at Waterloo, accumulated upon that unfortunate country so many menacing dangers. The horizon is darker than even in those days of mourning when the Republic was attacked by the revolted Bretons on the one hand, and by foreign arms on the other; for then France, by raising her voice, called to her aid innumerable legions of patriots intoxicated with liberty, while to-day she lies gasping, vanquished, dismembered, and exhausted, alike in blood and treasure, under the heel of victorious Germany. Under such circumstances insurrection is worse than a fault, it is a crime, a sacrilege, for which the responsibility of the guilty will be great before posterity.

THE Army Regulation Bill has gone into committee, and not before the public were heartily tired of it. The leading feature of the measure is the abolition of purchase. This point had been so often attacked and defended that even the closing speeches of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI failed to revivify the debate. There never was a more bald or unsatisfactory scheme for the reorganisation of our forces than this measure. We hope something may be made of it in committee. If the abolition of purchase had been backed up by a well-considered and systematic plan of reform, the bill would have had the cordial support of all parties. There is a chance that in committee the abolition clause may be modified, and the bill enlarged.

THE appointment of Mr. GOSCHEN to the Admiralty is still exciting considerable comment in political circles. Mr. GOSCHEN has had a remarkably successful career. From Oxford he went into business as managing partner of the firm of FRUHLING and GOSCHEN. His firm brought out the Egyptian Loan, which was no doubt a very profitable transaction. Soon afterwards Mr. GOSCHEN entered Parliament, and wrote a shrewd and able work on "Foreign Exchanges." He was appointed President of the Board of Trade under the RUSSELL-GLADSTONE Ministry. He was next made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Then he went to the Poor Law Board, and now, strange to say, he is First Lord of the Admiralty. What he will do there remains to be seen. He was useful at the Board of Trade, and has plenty of ability. His last appointment, however, is one of the most remarkable Ministerial shuffles of modern days. The PREMIER'S difficulties are, no doubt, great, and the exigencies of party are severe, but Lord RUSSELL commanding the Fleet would be little less extraordinary than the Right Hon. GEORGE JOACHIM GOSCHEN at the head of the Admiralty. No wonder foreigners have odd notions about the British Government. A French newspaper, we observe, is very anxious to see Lord DISRAELIE once more in power. What will the French journalist think of the author of "Foreign Exchanges" as First "My Lord" of the Admiralty?

COUNTRY LIFE.

"INCONVERTIBLE PAPER."

THIS is not a new invention, but a very old one. It is the secret of happiness, the universal healer. Of poverty we should hear no more; want of employment would be a thing of the past. There would be food and clothing in abundance for everybody who showed any disposition towards industry. The only thing needed is money. The coins run short, inevitably; but why have coins? Paper is cheap, and paper will answer the purpose as well as gold. These are the doctrines of a school. We have known a currency doctor to travel many miles in a thinly-populated rural district and call a miscellaneous audience together, discoursing to them for a couple of hours on this vexed question of the scarcity of money and its remedy. His hearers did not quite follow him from his premisses to his conclusions; but they responded most heartily to some of those epigrammatic sentences which indicate the universal want. His contention looked plausible. Here, all round them, was waste land that would yield good produce if it were but tilled; and there stood the labourers out of work. Why did they not begin to dig? Because there was nobody to pay them. Why was there nobody to pay them? Because money was scarce. Food was not lacking; the barns were full, though the people were starving. The warehouses were stocked with clothes and boots and shoes, and tools for the men to work with. So sure as there was an outcry that the people could not have their needs supplied, we invariably heard that trade was dull, and that merchants were overdone with goods which they were anxious to sell. The mischief was not that there was a famine—not that scarcity prevailed in any commodity in common demand, but that the means were wanting for bringing together the producer and the consumer. The only scarcity was a scarcity of that which is known in slang-land as the "needful." We wanted more railways in order to facilitate trade and develop our resources. Why did we not have them? Here were the labourers ready to dig and to "navigate" at an hour's notice; there lay the land waiting to be made into embankments and cuttings. Here were iron-founders with nothing to do, and there was iron in abundance, calling aloud to be converted into rails and "chairs." Why was not the business promptly set about? For no other reason in the world than a lack of money wherewithal to pay for the land, the labour, and the materials. All these points our lecturer made very clear to his listeners, and they followed him eagerly. When he pointed out to them that all they wanted was money, they "Hear, hear'd" most heartily. No demonstration ever came home to them with greater force. They only wanted to know where they were to get the money. To this inquiry, the lecturer had an answer ready. Let the Government issue paper money. Everybody knew five-pound notes were as good as gold for the purposes of business. This rigid adherence to coin was a stupid superstition. Paper was cheap; let Her Majesty's Exchequer issue bank notes without limit, and the reluctant wheels of society would at once move easily. Labourers would not stop work for want of wages, for money would be abundant. The bootmakers' stock would not hang on hand, for the money wherewith to make purchases would be in everybody's hands. Given an unlimited supply of paper money, and production, manufacture, and commerce would go on without any obstacle, and the people would get everything they wanted. The argument was ingenious. The preacher was undoubtedly earnest. An apparently excellent case was made out for a trial of the new theory. Discussion was invited at the close of the lecture, and a few questions were asked intended to be posers; but the man who had devoted many of the best years of his life to the study of currency, and had arrived at last at these hopeful conclusions, was not easily nonplussed. He had an answer for every objection, and beyond question he was master of the field in the end. It is true that the audience, as they wended their way home to their miserable huts, were not exactly apostles of the new prophet; they shook their heads, and said it would be a fine thing if it were all true. They had not a word to advance against it all, but they were unanimous in their opinion that there must be something wrong in the lecturer's argument, *or else it would have been found out before*.

An excellent country newspaper, called the *Warrington Guardian*, is now engaged in a controversy with a gentleman on something like this very subject. The doctor of currency with whom the editor has entered the lists is not unknown to fame. Four or five years ago his name was on everybody's lips. It is the noted Rigby Wason, the man who presented himself as a barrier in the way of the elevation of Sir Fitzroy Kelly to the Chief Baron's seat. There are as many shades of belief among the currency reformers as among other orders of politicians, and we cannot quite tell from the portions of the correspondence before us how far the Lord Chief Baron's implacable enemy is prepared to go with the apostles of the "Birmingham School." Of course the discussion always gravitates to the point of "convertibility." The issue of notes, payable in coin "on demand" by those who issue them, would not regenerate society, for there could be no more paper sent into circulation than the Bank could redeem. If bank notes are to oil the wheels of life they must be plentiful, and must run on their own legs. They must be, in fact, not convertible into gold on demand. At this point, as may be supposed, Mr. Rigby Wason and the editor are at loggerheads. The latter contends that inconvertible paper money depreciates. A five-pound note that cannot be changed for gold to-morrow or next week will be reduced in value, perhaps five, perhaps ten per cent. If it will only be convertible at some future indefinite time, it will depreciate perhaps fifty per cent. If it is absolutely "inconvertible" in the present or in the future, it becomes valueless. Let us quote a bit from Mr. Wason, replying to a previous article in the journal in question, and showing that he puts a limit to the quantity of inconvertible paper that is to be circulated:—

> "The Government would only be permitted to issue notes to a limited amount, and the American Government issued greenbacks to an unlimited amount, you say, and yet those greenbacks, not being repayable in coin, speedily fall to a heavy discount. Here again we are at direct issue. I affirm they fell to a heavy discount, not because 'they were not repayable in coin,' but because they were issued in excess of the public wants; and as proof that I am correct, I appeal to the fact that during the Bank Restriction Act, for nearly a quarter of a century, the Bank of England note, although 'not repayable in coin,' was never at a discount unless issued in excess of the public wants. I also appeal to the fact that on the several occasions of the suspension of the Bank Act the Bank of England note, although 'not repayable in coin,' was never at a discount, much less at a 'ruinous one.'"

To this the editor replies with a good deal of cogency and force:—

> "Mr. Wason admits that the greenbacks were issued in response to a legitimate demand, but argues that their depreciation took place because they were in excess of the public wants, and not because they were not repayable in coin. But why did they remain out in excess of the public wants? Simply because they were inconvertible—because the holders could not get them exchanged for coin. Instead of coming in and being cancelled when no longer wanted, they remained perforce in circulation, causing redundancy and depreciation. So also during the Bank Restriction Act, we have it in evidence that the notes were issued in response to a legitimate demand—the demand of sound commercial business; but they became depreciated. Why? Because when they had served the purpose for which they had been issued, and came therefore to be in excess of the public requirements, they could not be exchanged for gold, but remained in circulation. Mr. Wason appeals to the 'fact' that on the several occasions of the suspension of the present Bank Charter Act, the Bank of England note, although 'not repayable in coin,' was never at a discount. If Mr. Wason possessed such an acquaintance with his subject as could alone justify him in entering into a public discussion of it, he would assuredly know better what the commonly-accepted expression 'the suspension of the Bank Act' means. It certainly does not mean, as Mr. Wason supposes, that the notes were not repayable in coin. The Government letter in such cases simply authorises the Bank to increase the amount of notes which it issues against securities. It does not otherwise suspend the Act, and it assuredly does not interfere with the continuing obligation of the Bank to pay its notes in coin."

This writer, who seems to have a pretty shrewd notion of what he is talking about, concludes his reply this week in the following warning words:—

> "This correspondence becomes rather too voluminous for our over-tasked space. Should Mr. Wason again favour us, we adjure him to study the 'soul of wit.'"

It has been said that not more than one man in England at a time understands currency. The complexity of the science must be serious indeed, since, in the face of all the evidence, men of more than ordinary capacity are still found to dispute the point that paper money depreciates in proportion to its inconvertibility.

"IRELAND FOR THE IRISH."

In Birmingham the Irish and their sympathising Saxon friends celebrated St. Patrick's Day. The commemoration for this year was held in the grand and spacious Town Hall, and this was the fourth celebration. There were a dinner, a concert, and a public meeting. The first toast after dinner was *not* "Her Majesty the Queen." The sons of St. Patrick are more pious than loyal. The "first drink" was to "His Holiness the Pope," and the chairman was quite sure that "all true Irishmen would sympathise with the Sovereign Pontiff under the plunder he had been obliged to submit to." The peculiarly Irish character of these toasts is indicated in the fact that, while the first was in honour of the Pope, the last was, "The Free Press, the Guardian and Protector of Public Right." We are afraid that His Holiness, if he could have been present at Birmingham to respond to the first toast, would have shown himself reluctant to drink to the last—but Ireland is generous to all but the "Saxon," and can afford to tolerate intolerance in a monarch so distantly placed as the late Sovereign Pontiff of Rome.

Mr. Martin, M.P., had been invited to attend this meeting, but the honourable gentleman did not see his way clear:—

> "For me to go over in person and address your Birmingham neighbours upon the subject of Ireland would be a departure from the uniform tenor of my political life. Of course, I wish the English no ill. I wish them well. I shall be delighted if they become converts to the doctrine of justice and benevolence towards Ireland. But I do not feel it any business of mine to undertake their conversion—at least to undertake it as a preaching missionary."

The Irish patriot would scorn to appeal to England. Note with what sublime contempt he speaks of the notion of the conversion of Englishmen to the doctrine of justice to Ireland. The following is the political programme of the Irish in Birmingham, to which they pledged themselves on St. Patrick's Day:—

> "That we, the Irishmen of Birmingham and district assembled, with many of our English friends, in the Town Hall, on the anniversary of the Festival of St. Patrick, desire to proclaim our undying attachment to our native land; to express our loyal pride in belonging to the Irish nation; and to affirm the inalienable right of the Irish, like all other free people, to make their own laws—(cheers)—to control all the internal administration of their country, and generally to enjoy the amenities and privileges of nationhood, consistent with the safety and integrity of the empire. That with the view of accomplishing this object we cordially endorse the political programme of the Dublin Home Rule Association; that we hail with pride and pleasure the union of creeds and classes which it has effected in the name and under the banner of home rule; and pledge ourselves, while faithfully fulfilling our duties as citizens, under the evils to which foreign legislation has consigned us, to direct all our thoughts and efforts to the object of securing domestic legislation for our native land, especially in using our rapidly-increasing influence and electoral power to secure the return to Parliament of men pledged to grant this full and final measure of justice to Ireland."

One of the speakers, a Mr. Martin, quoted a clever double-edged apology for hard words uttered in the House of Commons three-quarters of a century ago:—

> "The young and noble Lord Edward Fitzgerald, in 1792, in these memorable words, addressed the Speaker:—'I do think, Sir, that the Lord Lieutenant, and the majority of this House, are the worst enemies the King has.' And when a scene ensued, in consequence of the consciousness felt that the words were true, and he was called upon to retract, he stood up again, and said: 'I am accused of having said that I think the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of this House are the worst enemies the King has. *I said so, 'tis true, and I am sorry for it.*'"

Another speaker, the Rev. Arthur O'Neil, bestowed what, to unimaginative and unsympathetic readers, will appear a rather far-fetched compliment upon Mr. John Bright. The country has been under the impression that the senior member for Birmingham has taken no part in the business of the Government for the last twelve months, but Mr. O'Neil is not to be hoodwinked in that way. To his mind Mr. Bright remained in the Cabinet to compass the release of the Fenian prisoners, and then resigned. Here are his words:—

> "He could not dismiss from his thoughts the honoured name of John Bright, without recalling to their minds the deep sympathy he evinced when he was waited upon with reference to the poor prisoners. He never saw his noble spirit in such agitation as while they were speaking of the Irish prisoners; he all but burst into tears, and he assured them that he would do all in his power towards bettering their treatment, and for their eventual liberation. He kept his word; God bless him for it. *He remained in the Cabinet just long enough to secure the liberation of the prisoners, and two days after it was announced that the prisoners had been liberated, John Bright retired from the Government.* It was, they might say, his last kind act while in office; but he would do kinder and nobler things out of office, please God."

The reverend gentleman felt keenly the bitter wrong that was done to Ireland in changing the name of the city now called Londonderry:—

> "For eleven hundred years it had borne the name of its venerable founder, St. Columb, or, as he was called, Columbkilee (meaning "The Dove of the Churches"). One of his celebrated schools formed the nucleus around which gathered the famous city of Derry—Columbkilee; but in the seventeenth century English supremacy deprived it of its name, and it was degraded into Londonderry. Every Irishman felt this double wrong, and longed for the day when the land and the name should be restored to the people. Next to St. Patrick, the great evangelist and civiliser of Ireland, the name of St. Columb was dear to him (Mr. O'Neil) as being the lineal descendant of Nial, of the nine hostages, and sovereign of Ireland. He was proud to bear the name of a race intensely Irish, and famous for its saints and kings, its martyrs and patriots. *No O'Neil could ever bear to hear of the name of Londonderry.*"

"PUNCH" AT DOVER.

We made a note last week of the resolution of the Christian Young Men's Association at Dover to expel *Punch* from their reading room on account of our contemporary's indifferent piety. From the *Kentish Gazette* we learn that the minority are not disposed to rest contented with the expatriation of *Punch*. At a subsequent discussion meeting:—

> "Alderman Rees argued that the objections that had been urged against *Punch* were 'morally idiotic.' The leading members of the Association, including Alderman Rees, the Revs. H. P. Hughes, Dobson, and Llewellyn, Mr. Viney Brown, Mr. Prescott, and others, have sent in a requisition praying that the question should again be opened, as the voting of the fifteen on the previous occasion did not adequately represent the views of the Association."

Let *Punch* take heart. He has a few friends left among the Christian young men of Dover.

"A KIND OF PATHETIC SPEECH."

A Midland newspaper, reporting a recent meeting of the Walsall Board of Guardians, says:—

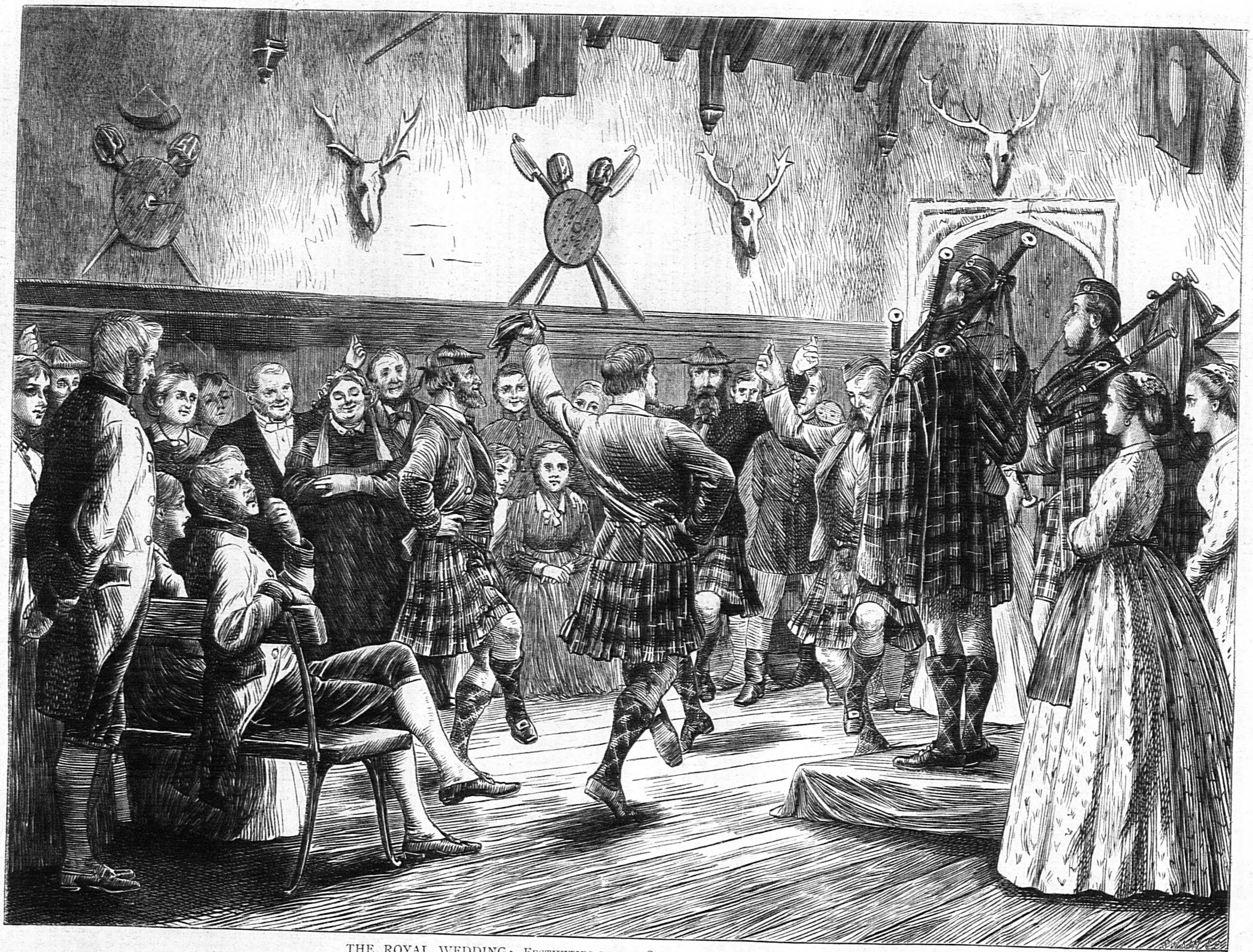
> "Mr. Green, in a kind of pathetic speech, instanced a case at the West Bromwich Workhouse, where an old man, eighty years of age, had gone with his wife, who was about seventy; and the old man, being separated from his wife, felt the separation so keenly, that he died brokenhearted."

In reply to Mr. Green, who suggested that old couples should not be separated, it was pointed out:—

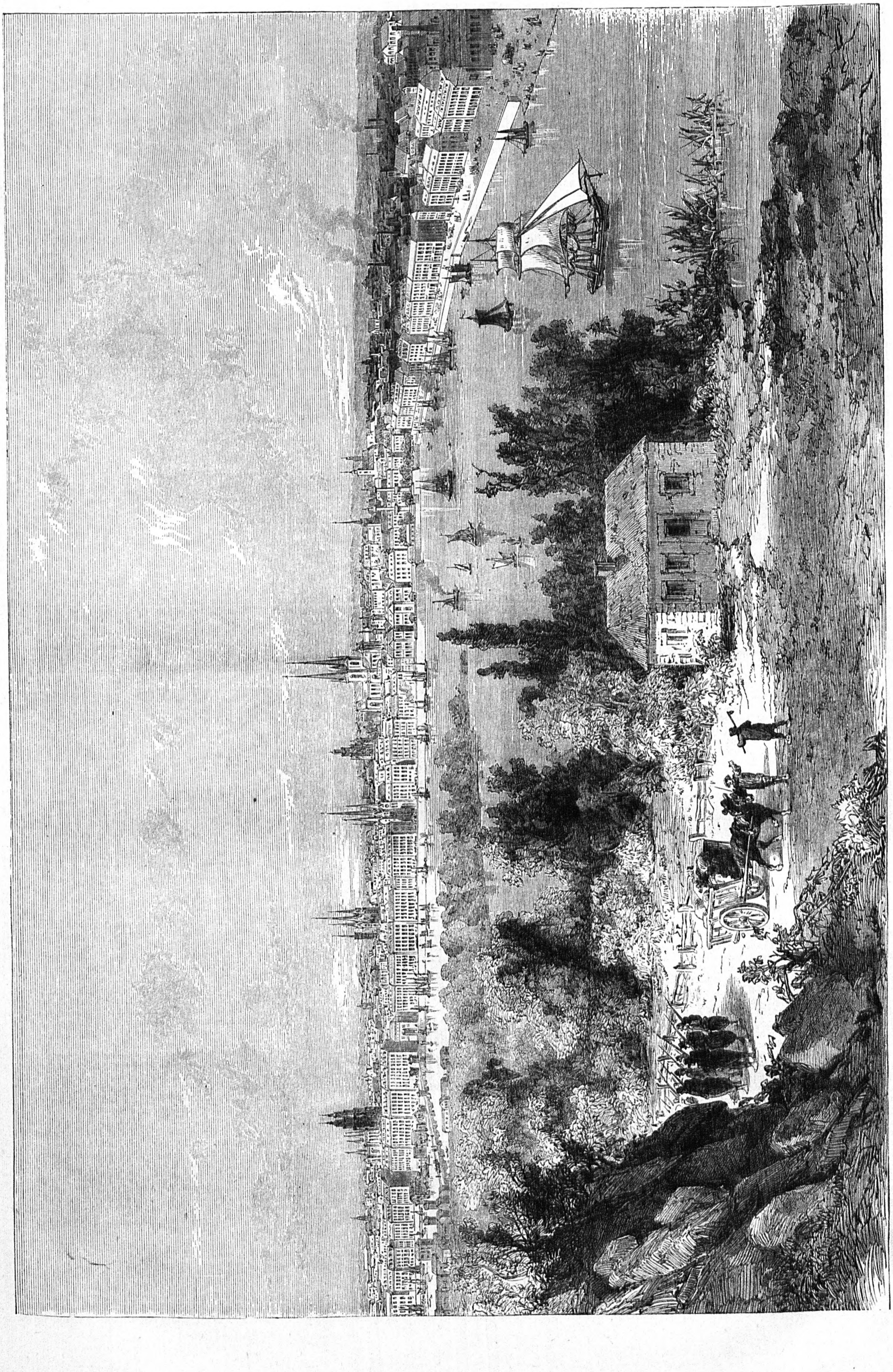
> "That, owing to there being so little room in the house, it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to carry out his suggestion; but, in a short time, the children would be removed to the Industrial Schools at West Bromwich, and then there would be more room in the house."

This is one of the instances in which the "New Poor Law" can be made to bend to local exigencies. There is a popular notion abroad that old people are not separated in the workhouses.

"Three years ago this autumn I had a severe attack of the gout, to which I had been subject for 22 years. After being confined to my room, under treatment, two weeks, I was induced to try Perry Davis's Pain Killer, and in a little more than a week was able to be at business. Two years before I had a similar attack, no worse, which, with the best medical advice I could get, laid me up more than four months.—Yours, &c.,
"THOMAS PERRY,
"*Red Lion Square, London, Nov. 10, 1868.*—To Perry Davis and Sons."



THE ROYAL WEDDING: FESTIVITIES IN THE SERVANTS' HALL AT INVERARY CASTLE.



VIEW OF BORDEAUX.

CIVIL WAR IN PARIS.

As was expected, a civil war has broken out in Paris, and nearly the whole of the city is now in the hands of the rebels. The Foreign Office, the head-quarters of the Ministry, has been vacated, and all the authorities are preparing to leave when necessity shall compel them.

Two Generals Shot by the Insurgents.

The insurgents have shot two generals, but it is said this was contrary to the orders of their committee. The two generals are Lecomte, who commanded the body of troops which first took possession of the Buttes Montmartre, and Clement Thomas, a fine old soldier, who commanded the National Guards during the siege, and then gave up his command to General d'Aurelles. He was found moving among the crowds in plain clothes near the Place St. Pierre. He was quickly tried, judged, and condemned to death, but a reprieve was obtained. After this, however, he had to submit to the insults of his guards, one of whom, seizing him by the collar, and pointing a pistol to his breast, said, "Swear that you have never betrayed France or the Republic." The General, in a kind of stupor, only raised his shoulders, and the Guards then shot him. A few minutes afterwards, General Lecomte was put up against a wall, and had to submit to the same fate. The assassination took place in the little garden which surrounds the Tour aux Crenaux. The dead bodies were then stabbed with bayonets, and exposed to view in the Rue des Rosiers. Public feeling has been horrified by this bloody act, but the right-thinking people are very timid, seeing the weakness and hesitation of the Goverment. A great number of persons also declare that they have lost all motive for resisting rebellion, by reason of the recent law concerning the payment of bills, which is known as the Dufaure law. They will be ruined, they say, by that law in any case, and the present insurrection can do them no harm. It may, on the other hand, do them some good; at least it may save their honour, by taking away all disgrace from bankruptcy committed under such circumstances.

General Chanzy in the Hands of the Rebels.

General Chanzy arrived in Paris on Saturday. The Orleans railway station was in the hands of the rebels. The General was recognised, and he is said to have been seized, and to be now in their keeping. Barricades are being built all over Paris some six or seven feet high, and well guarded with mitrailleuses.

Proclamation of the Government.

The Government have issued the following proclamation:—

"National Guards of Paris,—A Committee which assumes the name of Central Committee, after having seized a number of cannon, has covered Paris with barricades, and has taken possession during the night of the Ministry of Justice. It has fired upon the defenders of order; it has taken prisoners, and it has, in cold blood, assassinated General Clement Thomas and a general of the French army, General Lecomte. Who are the members of this Committee? Nobody in Paris knows them. Their names are new to all the world. No one knows even to what party they belong. Are they Communists, or Bonapartists, or Prussians? Whatever they may be, they are the enemies of Paris, which they deliver up to pillage; of France, which they deliver to the Prussians; of the Republic, which they will deliver to despotism. The abominable crimes which they have committed take away all excuse from those who may have to follow them or to submit to them. Will you take the responsibility of their assassinations and of the ruin which they heap up? If so, stay at home; but if you have a care for honour, and for the most sacred interests, rally to the Government of the Republic and to the National Assembly.

"The Ministers present in Paris—Dufaure, Jules Favre, Ernest Picard, Jules Simon, Pothuan, Le Flo.

"Paris, March 19, 1871."

The Guns on Montmartre.

The seventeen deputies of Paris who recently signed a conciliatory manifesto addressed to their electors, held a meeting on Friday, and decided to make a fresh appeal for moderation, and to insist upon the National Guards now detaining the cannons to restore them to the authorities. M. Schoelcher made a particularly vigorous speech to this effect. The fifty-six cannons on the Place des Vosges were carried on Friday to Belleville by the National Guards, in order that the authorities should not seize them. In consequence of the incident on the Place des Vosges, the National Guards who detain the cannons at Montmartre redoubled their vigilance. At half-past twelve on Friday night the Government sent detachments of troops to occupy the positions of Montmartre. These troops removed without conflict early in the morning many cannon from the heights, and the gendarmerie made 400 prisoners. Towards half-past nine battalions of the National Guard of Belleville and Montmartre, accompanied by many soldiers from different line regiments, all with muskets reversed, arrived, and released the prisoners without any resistance from their guardians. General Vinoy had posted a cordon of troops completely around the hill of Montmartre, and planted mitrailleuses at the lower end of each approach pointed towards the hill. Numerous sentinels prevented any persons going up towards the hill. The mitrailleuses were soon surrounded by angry groups, demanding why the authorities manifested such distrust of the people, and asking if it were intended to massacre them.

The Troops and the People.

The soldiers were energetically addressed, and asked if they meant to fire on the people. Very shortly the troops and the people fraternised, and the soldiers permitted free access to the heights, and allowed the people to draw the mitrailleuses aside. Several companies of troops posted on the summit of the hill fraternised with the National Guard guarding the cannon. The crowd shouted to all the National Guards and troops arriving to reverse their muskets. This summons was always obeyed. The Tower of Solferino was strictly guarded.

Serious Conflict in the Place Pigalle.

At ten a.m. the National Guard prevented any one not armed ascending to the heights, and at the same time a serious conflict occurred in the Place Pigalle, at the end of one of the streets leading from the heights. Here the artillery were accompanied by several chasseurs, and the people surrounded their horses angrily, crying to the men to go and fight the Prussians. A lieutenant of chasseurs on duty, in endeavouring to disengage his horse, had its bridle seized. The lieutenant drew his sabre and made a threatening gesture, and instantly received two shots from the crowd and fell dead from his horse. A confused *melée* ensued, several shots were fired, one artilleryman and two or three National Guards were wounded, and two horses were killed. All the soldiers then deserted their posts, and mixed with the crowd, some distributing their cartridges, and others even giving away their Chassepots, and the artillerymen allowed the people to carry off two mitrailleuses. The gendarmerie were withdrawn at the first outbreak of disturbances from the Place Pigalle.

Montmartre in Possession of National Guards.

At eleven a.m. on Sunday numerous battalions of the National Guard marched towards Montmartre, all with their muskets reversed, and shouting "Vive la République." The Montmartre district is entirely in possession of the National Guards and self-disbanded soldiers, and no gendarmerie or any regular force are to be seen. All the National Guards are amply provided with ball and cartridge, and appear determined to retain the cannon left on the hill. The general opinion among the groups collected in Montmartre and Belleville is that the Assembly must be immediately dissolved, and another elected to sit at Paris.

The Policy of M. Thiers.

The special correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Paris, says:—"There can be little doubt that the powerful support which M. Thiers has received from the majority of the Chamber is due in a large measure to the policy which he boldly announced that he and his colleagues were prepared to adopt in reference to the unsettled and seditious state of Paris. 'If order is seriously disturbed,' said the chief of the Executive, 'count upon our devotion to restore it with the utmost energy; we do not parley with sedition; that has never been my habit in life,' sentiments which were received with loud cheers by the Right, who were induced by them to concede the transference of the Assembly to a spot so near Paris as Versailles, entertaining, no doubt, the belief that their presence might afford a Government disposed to vigorous measures the moral support which such a policy might require." From the letters and despatches of the same correspondent we continue our account of the insurrection.

Attempt to Surprise the Guard at the Place Royale.

In pursuance of the pledge thus given to the Assembly, the first measure of the Government was to remove the late Prefect of Police and his substitute in Paris, and to replace those gentlemen by General Valentin, and it was then decided that an attempt should be made the night before last to surprise the guard at the Place Royale and get possession of the cannon parked there. There was reason to believe that no resistance would be made, and at eight o'clock a hundred artillery horses were sent to carry them off. Having received private information of this enterprise, I went to the Place Royale at nine o'clock, just in time to meet the horses coming back, and to learn that the attempt had failed in consequence of the unexpected resistance of the National Guard. I visited the spot, but in deference to the more pressing interests of the moment I cannot linger over the details further than to say that the resistance was purely verbal, and that a hundred resolute men prepared to shed a little blood would have had no difficulty in performing the operation successfully. It became absolutely essential, after this failure, and in anticipation of the meeting of the Assembly on Monday, to adopt some more vigorous measures before that date.

Attempt to Restore Order.

Accordingly a council of general officers was held last night, and it was decided to use the whole military force at the disposal of the Government to restore order and put an end to the anomalous condition of things which has been existing for the last month. I was made unpleasantly aware that a vigorous decision had been arrived at by the harsh sounds of the *rappel* at five o'clock this morning. There is something in the discordant roll of the drums so suggestive of blood and barricades as to make sleep impossible, and I was soon exploring the silent streets. It appeared that four principal attacks were being made upon different disaffected quarters of Paris. One, composed of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, under General Susbielle, upon Montmartre; another, under General Wolff, upon the Bastille; a third, under General Henrion, upon the Cité; and a fourth, under General Faron, on Belleville. The heights of Montmartre being the ground I knew best, and where resistance seemed most likely to be made, I hurried off to the Rue Lepic, at the entrance to which I was stopped by a cordon of soldiers of the Line. All along the Boulevard de Clichy and the Boulevard Rochechouart were regiments of the Line drawn up, and pointing to each of the streets leading to the Place St. Pierre and the Buttes of Montmartre was a loaded cannon raking the narrow lanes.

The Battery at Moulin a la Galette.

A strong guard protected each of these guns, and prevented ingress While vainly endeavouring to force a way past, a general and his staff rode by, followed by a long train of artillery horses, and slipping in between them I got unperceived into the Rue Lepic. This was quite deserted, and the artillery horses clattered up its steep ascents so rapidly as to make it difficult on foot to keep pace with them. Passing round the Moulin à la Galette they entered the battery which some weeks ago I had explored by moonlight, and begun to tackle on to the guns. I now perceived that several hundred Line soldiers were inside the inclosure, guarding long piles of National Guard rifles which had been captured, and mounting sentry over the guns; red trousers were everywhere guarding every avenue, and it seemed evident that the day, or rather the morning, was won, and that nothing remained but to carry off the cannon triumphantly. Mixing with a gloomy group of women and National Guards out of uniform, I listened to their conversation, and overheard them indignantly denouncing their chiefs, the Government, M. Thiers, and the world in general. The company of National Guards had been surprised in the grey dawn, and had fled, leaving their guns behind them, at the first appearance of the troops.

The Battery at the Place St. Pierre.

Seeing that there was no apparent chance of any fighting, and that the guard had given up the game, I hurried to the battery above the Place St. Pierre. This was also in full occupation of the Line; soldiers were busily engaged in levelling the embrasures with pick and shovel, in filling up the trench, and preparing a way to take off the guns, which were still there waiting for the horses. Here, too, were small savage groups of blouses making cynical remarks upon everybody's cowardice, and wondering where the defenders of the guns might be. "If they had only left them to us to guard," said a woman, "they would not have been captured so easily." It seemed that before daylight a body of troops had stolen upon them from the rear, and the guard had fled, as they did at Galette. The question which arose in one's mind was why, if the guns were captured at half-past four, they were still on the ground at half-past eight? Where were the horses, and why was precious time being thrown away?

The Fraternising.

Still, never doubting that the game was won by the Government here, too, and hearing that there was fighting going on at Belleville, I hurried off in that direction, and on the way passed the end of the Rue Clignancourt. Looking up it I saw that it was crowded with National Guards, and that a barricade was being thrown up; this in the immediate proximity of the troops I had just left was still more perplexing, but the mouth of the Rue Clignancourt was held by troops of the Line, who would not let me pass. It was only by looking between them that I could see, two or three hundred yards distant, the National Guard making the barricade. Following the Boulevard Rochechouart, I reached the Boulevard Ornano, at the entrance to which a large body of the Line were massed, while they also occupied the balconies and windows on both sides of the street. Finding they did not obstruct the passage, I entered the Boulevard, and had not gone many yards when I saw approaching in the distance a large column of National Guards, completely blocking the street, and advancing steadily towards the troops. In a twinkling the foot passengers on the pavement, seeing a collision imminent, took refuge in the houses, and for a moment the position on the abandoned pavement was disagreeable; but a National Guard came along shouting, "*N'ayez-pas peur, il n'y a pas de danger*," and I then perceived that in front of the column was a group of soldiers of the Line, shouting and laughing, and, as it seemed, leading them. As soon as they got within twenty or thirty yards of the Line regiment, the soldiers leading the National Guard, and who acted as a sort of screen of protection, shouted "*Vive la République!*" This seemed to be the signal for the whole of the regular troops to throw the butts of their rifles in the air, a movement which was responded to by the whole of the National Guards with enthusiastic shouts of "*Vive la Ligne!*" and the instantaneous reversal of all their butts. For a moment there was nothing to be seen but the butt-ends of rifles, or to be heard but loud shouts of "*Vive la Ligne!*" "*Vive la République!*" The soldiers in the balconies and windows, where, I suppose, they had been placed to shoot the Guards, came down and embraced them instead; women shed tears of joy, and talked about their sons and brothers who were *sous le drapeau;* arms were intertwined, hands wrung, cheeks kissed, and all the extreme demonstrations of fraternisation to which Frenchmen are prone when they are not shooting at you out of a window. The officers seemed somewhat embarrassed by the episode, but put as good a face upon it as circumstances would admit. There was something intensely exciting in the scene. The uncertainty for a moment whether the men were meeting as friends or enemies, the wild enthusiasm of the shouts of fraternisation, the waving of the upturned muskets, the bold, reckless women laughing and exciting the men against their officers, all combined to produce a sensation of perplexity not unmingled with alarm at the strange and unexpected turn things were taking. Still Belleville and the Buttes de Chaumont had an especial attraction for me, and, leaving the crowd of citizens and soldiers mingled in confusion, I hurried on, turned back pitilessly by cordons of soldiers first at one street and then at another, and only able at length to force a passage under cover of a card which entitled the bearer to distribute the *dons patriotiques d'Angleterre*. Glad to escape from the curious throng that blocked the avenues near the sentries in every direction, I hurried along the broad road round the park, and found the whole place in occupation of the Government troops. Strong bodies were posted on the rugged open spaces where the lawless crowds of these parts love to hold their meetings and park their cannon. All the guns were in possession of the Artillery; the intrenched camp of which we have heard of late was evacuated and occupied; in fact, here, too, the surprise and discomfiture of the National Guards seemed to have been complete. Turning up one of the by-streets which leads into the heart of Belleville, I found I had passed the last sentry. The Regulars were no longer visible, the street was deserted except by muttering groups, windows were stealthily opened, people peered timidly from the cracks of doors, and watched a solitary stranger with evident suspicion and dislike. At last, in a narrow lane, I came suddenly upon a sentry. No Regular he, but a full-blown insurgent. "*On ne passe pas, citoyen*," said he, gruffly, "at least without arms; if you want to pass, go and put on your uniform and bring your musket, then you may pass." "Why, do you intend to fight?" "*Sacrebleu*, do you suppose we are going to allow these *canaille* to take our cannon without firing a shot? Wait here if you wish to see how we can fight." At this moment his face changed, and, turning round, I perceived a company of Regulars advancing straight towards us. At the same moment a number of National Guards rushed to their arms and closed round the sentry I had been speaking to. The moment was critical. Was there a doorway handy, and had either side pluck enough to fire at fifty paces? Such were the ideas which flashed upon one at the moment. At that moment a door opened slowly, and without asking leave I dashed in, nearly upsetting a young woman whose curiosity had induced her to peep from behind it. It was a useless precaution. Warily reopening the chink we looked out, and lo, the fire-eating sentry threw his butt in the air, and shouted wildly "*Vive la Ligne!*" Then all the National Guards who surrounded him threw their butts in the air and followed his lead, and the company turned their butts up, but said nothing; both sides were evidently prepared to do anything rather than shed each other's blood; but whether the party of order had fraternised with the party of disorder, or *vice versâ*, was somewhat difficult to make out. I suspected the latter, for the officer in command got very red, and called his men back; he had apparently intended to pass through the street, but finding his men thus disposed he called out, "*Allons, mes enfans, nous allons faire un petit tour*." Some of his men followed him, but others lingered with the National Guard, who were overwhelming them with felicitations upon their brotherly conduct. Finally the captain got his men together, doing so in an uneasy, timid manner, and I determined to follow them. Before doing so, however, I was induced by a sudden movement on the part of the National Guard to remain a moment, and to my surprise half a dozen picks were produced, and before the Line were out of sight the first half-dozen stones of a barricade were laid. Running after the company of the Line, I passed along a narrow street deserted by every one, and suddenly came out upon the open space in front of the Mairie of Belleville. Here was drawn up a *peloton* of cavalry, about two companies of the Line, three mitrailleuses, and a battery of artillery. Here, too, were small groups of spectators commenting on the proceedings. Presently a Line company was forced back so as to inclose the group in which I happened to find myself; instantly there was whispered fraternisation. "What *canaille* all your officers are," said one. "True," said a soldier; "there is one that deserves to be shot, but that man next him is a brave man; he is a lieutenant." "Ah," said a woman, "they are *sacré gredins*, all of them, especially the old ones. They can fight against French fathers of families, but not against Prussians. Are you not ashamed of coming to fire upon us?" "Who said we were going to fire upon you?" replied the soldier. "Look," said one bystander to another, loud enough for the soldiers to hear, "how uneasily these poor fellows act the *vilain métier* they are called on to perform. Brave *garçons*, is it not a pity they should be forced to do such dirty work?" "We have not done any dirty work yet. Do you think I will fire on a Frenchman? Am I not a Frenchman? Have I not twice been taken prisoner by the Prussians, once at Sedan and once at Dijon? Why, then, should I fire upon my countrymen?" I only give this, as nearly word for word as I can remember, as a specimen of the conversation I heard all round me.

Barricading the Streets.

Just then my curiosity was excited by a chinking noise, which seemed to come from beyond a group of several hundred soldiers. Mounting on a large stone, so as to look over them, I observed a number of National Guards engaged in making a barricade within three yards of the first line of soldiers. The sight was so astounding that I could not help asking a gentlemanlike-looking officer near me why it was allowed. He flushed up a little angrily, and said that it was a dangerous place to be in and a still more dangerous time to ask questions which did not concern me, and to which, therefore, it was not necessary for him to reply. Thus snubbed, and more puzzled than ever, I retired into a small tavern. There were not above a dozen persons present altogether on the little Place besides the military, and there was a constant passing in and out of the Mairie. What seemed strange was that although the horses were harnessed to the guns, there was no attempt made to take them for nearly an hour. It was almost eleven when the column began to move off, leaving the infantry behind. I followed it back to the Buttes de Chaumont, visiting on my way the barricade of which I had seen the first stone laid, and which had now grown to considerable dimensions by reason of the rule which is enforced that every passer must place a stone, a pile of which is placed for the purpose on each side of the street. Some large carts had been also brought, and new barricades were springing up in every direction. I followed the artillery column till they came to a sudden halt by the side of the Parc de Chaumont, and, for some inexplicable reason, remained there doing nothing. Why these guns had not been carried off hours before remains still a mystery. While wondering what they were going to do next I was startled by a shot, and, running in the direction, found a swarm of National Guards making another barricade with carts and stones, and some Regulars retiring towards the guns. After this all was still for some time. It was now midday, and the whole affair wore a most strange and incomprehensible aspect to one not brought up to make barricades, and afraid to be too inquisitive. Seeing that at all events there was not likely to be any fighting here, I went back to Montmartre. What a change had come over the spirit of its dream since I had seen it four hours before! At the house of a friend who lives in close proximity to the Buttes I learnt exactly what had happened in the interval. General Paturel, whom I had seen accompanied by his staff, and followed by the artillery horses, returned down the Rue Lepic with the guns to which I had seen them harnessed. In front was a company of soldiers, then some Chasseurs, then the captured artillery, then some more infantry. On arriving at the bottom of the street there was a sudden confluence of National Guards, and a show of resistance. They began to present arms, and in another moment, according to my friend, would have fired, when the general gave the word to his men to fire. In a moment he was stunned by a blow from the butt-end of a rifle given by a National Guard, and fell from his horse. This was the signal for a yell of fraternisation from the troops, who raised their butts in the air, and shouted "*Vive la République!*" The officers, alarmed and paralysed, did nothing, and the National Guards took possession of the cannon, and proceeded to erect batteries in which to place them. When I arrived there was not a red trouser to be seen, excepting here and there a straggler making a fraternal speech to an admiring audience, telling them how he would rather shoot himself than shoot a countryman; what cowards and *canaille* his officers were.

A Captain of Chasseurs Shot.

Instead of a Government blocking up every street as was the case in the morning, a hostile cannon was now looking down every street; where there had been a cordon of soldiers there was now a cordon of rebellious National Guards, who, flushed with an almost bloodless victory, were swaggering about superintending the construction of barricades, and making life a burden to any one who had not a red stripe down his leg. These streets, so deserted in the morning, excepting here and there a slinking warrior, were now swarming with them, drums were beating, bugles blowing, and all the din of victory. Lower down a captain of Chasseurs had ordered his men to fire. The words were no sooner out of his mouth than he fell riddled with balls, whether from his men or his enemies is not yet known; but several shots were fired from windows at the time, and a dozen or more men of the line were killed or wounded, so it is possible that the officer was shot also by the National Guards. A couple of the horses dragging a gun were also killed, and were just moved away as I passed. The whole of the line had upon this taken to their heels, and the whole region was in absolute and undisputed possession of the insurgents.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The *Times* observes:—"M. Thiers and his colleagues have no choice. The insurgents in arms must be at once attacked. The lesson must be impressed on them, at whatever cost, that the first necessity of society is obedience to the laws promulgated by its will and to officers duly appointed while executing such laws. And it must be impressed not on them alone. The same lesson must be learnt by the men who refuse to assist in putting down insurgents as by insurgents themselves. Insurrection has been so often justifiable that it seems to have become an article in the creed of some lands that it can never be a crime. This dangerous fallacy cannot be tolerated. The National Guards, who are professedly friends of order, and would themselves never disturb it, but who refuse to fire on their fellow-citizens in open revolt against the national will, share the responsibility of the crimes they do not assist in repressing. The blood of General Clement Thomas, an old soldier of Liberty, and of General Lecomte, rests upon their heads as truly as on the heads of the wretched men who sat in a form of trial over them. It is the last evil sign of Paris that so many of the National Guards are seen slinking away from their posts of duty; and if their criminal weakness or cowardice makes the consequence inevitable, the fault is theirs. Sad as the necessity may be, it is clear that all France which is on the side of law must gather round M. Thiers at Versailles, and, if the insurgents persist in rebellion, must march upon Paris. If the return to the authority of law lies through civil war, the path must be trod; but it is, perhaps, reserved for the deepest humiliation of France that the assistance of the troops of her foe still encamped on the right of the Seine will have to be invoked to protect the mass of the people against the violence of their own brethren."

The *Post* says that "M. Thiers appeals to the deceived to abandon the criminals, and urges the good to separate from the bad. The whole document breathes a spirit of mistrust in himself, and consequently invites action on the part of his foes. Twaddle in power courts kicking from a multitude of feet. And as he has sown, so he has reaped. The crime of French Governments—of that of Louis Philippe, of that of the Emperor in its last days, and that of M. Thiers in its first—has been obsequiousness to the small knot of humbugs and enthusiasts who have composed the Left, or La Montagne. This policy on the part of M. Thiers has resulted in revolution."

The *Daily News* looks upon these tumults in Paris as the expression of a popular excitement which has found no other vent. The Germans were too strong to be meddled with. The loyal sections of the Parisians have grown to fear the mob; and the troops are more than half inclined to make common cause with their brethren of the northern districts of the capital. The Federation Committee retains power by reason of a popular disquiet that refuses to be refined away by the processes of logic. There remains, therefore, nothing but the harsher processes of coercion; and General d'Aurelle is not a man to depart from his word. The enemy is already within the walls of Paris, and must be dealt with emphatically, if the country is to release herself from the dictation of an unreasonable mob."

The *Standard* thinks:—"Those who have sown the wind may well expect to reap the whirlwind. The Opposition which made a peaceful policy impossible to the Empire, and seized the moment of defeat for the overthrow of an established Government, have now to deal with the problem which Cavaignac solved by hard fighting in 1848, and Napoleon III. shelved for upwards of twenty years. Their treatment of it up to the present time is not calculated to inspire hope of their energy or their success. They have temporised and talked. They have done literally nothing. It is impossible to forecast the future. In 1848, when Cavaignac crushed out the revolutionary elements in Paris, his army was intact, thoroughly disciplined, and ably seconded by the provincial National Guard; yet it was only after desperate fighting that it gained the day. Now there is no army; there is no provincial National Guard; the Mobiles of the provinces can hardly be counted upon; worst of all, there seems to be no man capable of rule. Prompt and united action is needed, if to the calamities of a disastrous war are not to be added the horrors of anarchy and the *Terreur Rouge*."

ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR AT HAVRE.

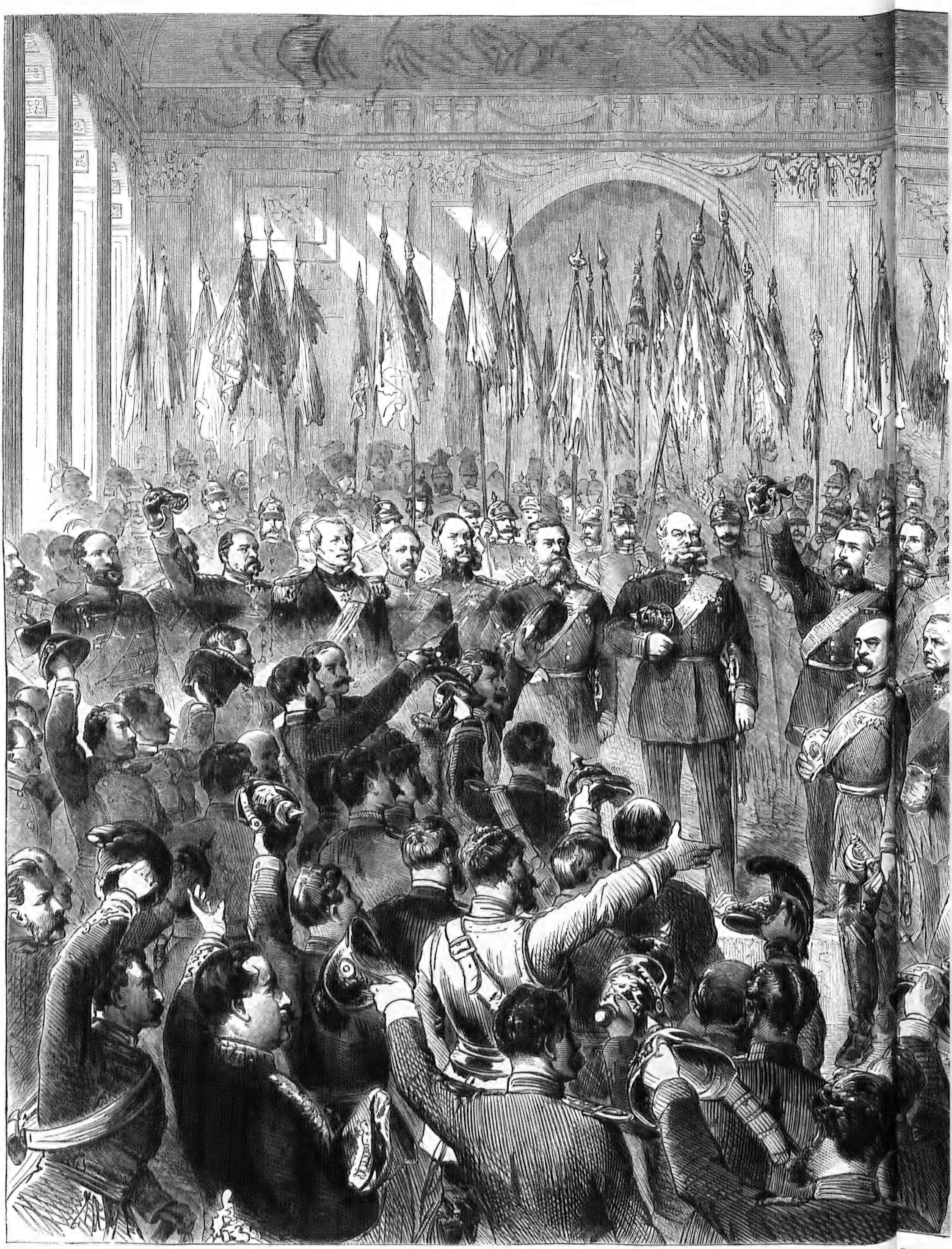
OUR readers will have a good idea of the entrance to the harbour at Havre by carefully looking at our representation of it on page 32. Havre, originally Havre de Grace, is one of the most thriving maritime towns in France, and is situated on the north side of the estuary of the Seine. It is a modern place, owing its foundation to Francis I. (1516), and its prosperity to the judicious enactments of Louis XVI. It has no historical monuments nor fine buildings, and its streets are laid down chiefly in straight lines, and at right angles with one another. They are grouped round the basins or docks, which communicate from one to the other by lock gates, and are placed so as to form a triangle entered from the outer port. The quays bordering on the basins, lined with vessels and choked with cotton bales, sugar casks, &c., are the chief scenes of life. The strange cries and glittering plumage of parrots and macaws will remind the stranger of the connection of the port with tropical countries. It is only by aid of the reservoir of water, regulated by sluices, that the mouth of the harbour, formed in the flat alluvium of the Seine, can be kept clear from the deposits of the river still in progress. The port is accessible for vessels during only four hours each tide. At low water the port and avant port are left dry. The three old docks are capable of containing 250 or 350 vessels or more with convenience; the fourth dock, the Bassin de Vauban, the largest of all, situated outside the walls and finished in 1842, is a magnificent work, with a fine masting-machine and warehouses. The shipbuilders of Havre enjoy a high reputation for the science and skill which they display in the construction of their vessels, which are capital sea boats.

The history of England and the annals of Havre are connected at several points. In 1845 Henry of Richmond embarked here for Milford Haven and Bosworth Field, backed by 4,000 men, furnished by Charles VIII., to aid his enterprise. In 1562 the town was delivered over to the keeping of Queen Elizabeth by the Prince de Condé, leader of the Huguenots, and the command of it was entrusted to Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick. Within a year the English were ejected, after a most obstinate siege, whose progress was pressed forward by Charles IX. and his mother, Catherine de Medici, in person, sensible that the possession of Havre by the English would be a thorn in the side of France. Hatred of the English, indeed, had united all parties in France against them. The Protestant Condé served in the besieging army, which was commanded by the Constable Montmorency, previously the ally of the English. Warwick held out against vastly superior numbers, until his force was reduced by slaughter and the plague from nearly 6,000 to 1,500. He was himself shot in defending a breach, after which the place was surrendered.

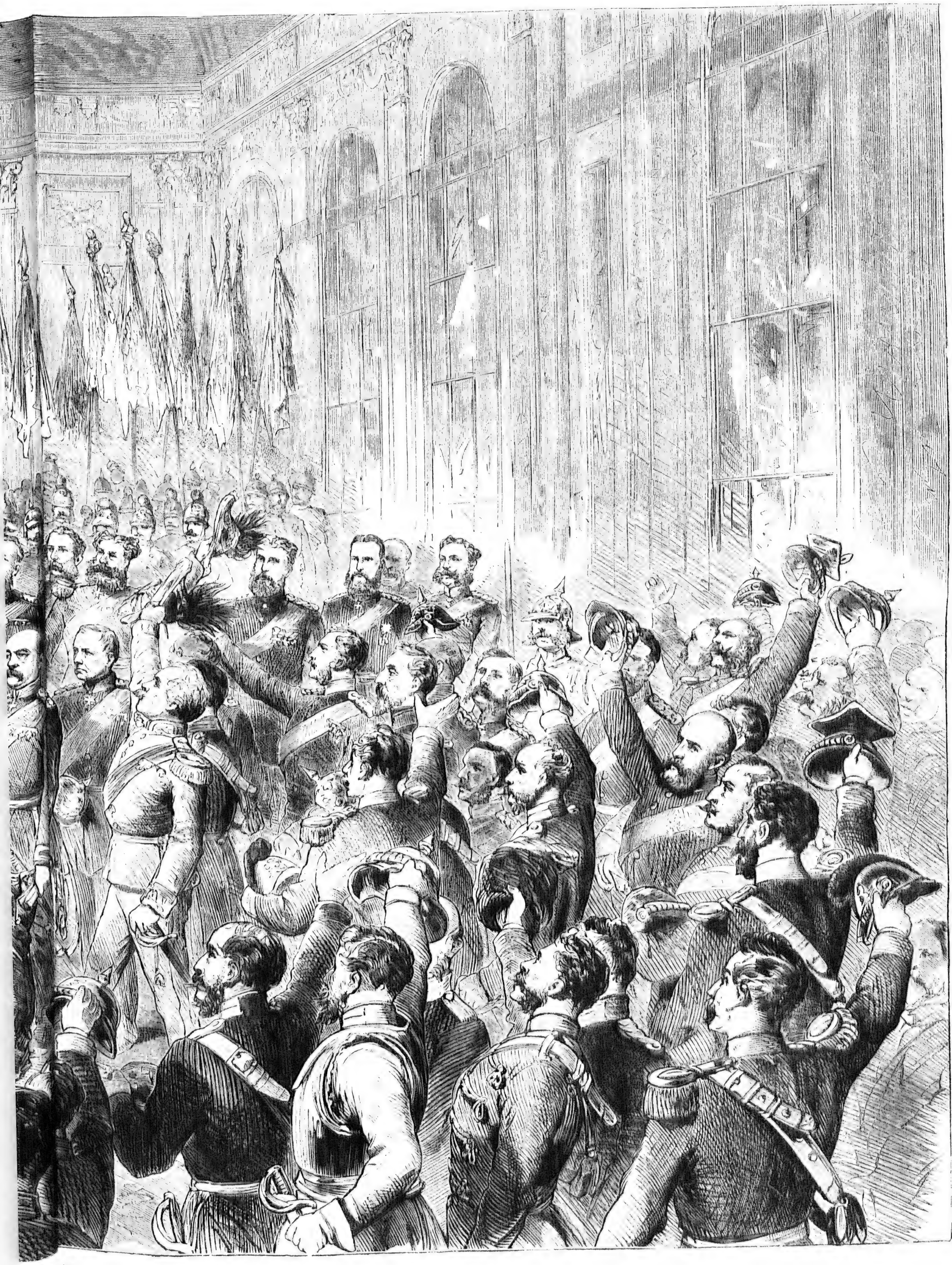
Bernardin de St. Pierre, author of "Paul and Virginia," was born here. Havre is also the birthplace of Mademoiselle Scudery (1697), and of Casimir Delavigne.

BORDEAUX.

BORDEAUX, a view of which will be seen on page 25, is the second seaport town of France, and is placed on the 1 bank of the Garonne, at a spot where the stream is deep enough for vessels of 1,200 tons burthen. The river here makes a very regular curve, which, being lined with handsome buildings of varied architecture, forms a noble crescent, surmounted by several Gothic towers and antique spires in the background. With the exception, perhaps, of St. Petersburg, no city in Europe can display a more splendid quay than Bordeaux. The river, abreast of the town, is filled with shipping up to the magnificent bridge, the handsomest in France. The noble exterior presented to the stranger, whether he approach by land or water, is borne out by the aspect of a large part of its exterior, which has a courtly rather than a commercial air. It is a long, sprawling city, difficult to get over on foot; but there is an abundance of omnibuses and neat fiacres, which are much more pleasant to travel in than London omnibuses, though certainly not equal to the tramway cars. The commercial importance of Bordeaux is due to its situation on a fine navigable river, in which vessels of more than 1,000 tons may ride at anchor, at a distance of about seventy miles from the sea. The commerce is carried on chiefly with South America and Mexico, the United States, French colonies, and Great Britain. Its principal articles of trade and exports consist in wines, known in France as *vins de Bordeaux*, and in England as claret.



PROCLAIMING KING WILLIAM EMPEROR OF GER



PEROR OF GERMANY AT VERSAILLES.

MR. J. A. FROUDE ON CALVINISM.

MR. J. A. FROUDE, Rector of the University of St. Andrew's, delivered an address to the students of that university on Friday, on the completion of his period of office.

After a few introductory words, Mr. Froude said: Every one here present must have become familiar in late years with the change of tone throughout Europe and America on the subject of Calvinism. After being accepted for two centuries in all Protestant countries as the final account of the relations between man and his Maker, it has come to be regarded by liberal thinkers as a system of belief intolerable as it has been itself intolerant. I am going to ask you to consider how it came to pass that if Calvinism is indeed the hard and unreasonable creed which modern enlightenment declares it to be, it has possessed such singular attractions in past times for some of the greatest men that ever lived. The question which I have asked admits of a reasonable answer. I must ask you only to accompany me on a somewhat wide circuit in search of it.

THE LAW OF DESTINY.

There seems, in the first place, to lie in all men, in proportion to the strength of their understanding, a conviction that there is in all human things a real order and purpose, notwithstanding the chaos in which at times they seem to be involved. Suffering scattered blindly without remedial purpose or retributive propriety —good and evil distributed with the most absolute disregard of moral merit or demerit—enormous crimes perpetrated with impunity, or vengeance when it comes falling not on the guilty, but the innocent—

> "Desert a beggar born,
> And needy nothing trimmed in jollity—"

these phenomena present, generation after generation, the same perplexing and even maddening features; and without an illogical but none the less a positive certainty that things are not as they seem—that, in spite of appearance, there is justice at the heart of them, and that, in the working out of the vast drama, justice will assert somehow and somewhere its sovereign right and power, the better sort of persons would find existence altogether unendurable. This is what the Greeks meant by the *Ananke* or destiny, which at the bottom is no other than moral providence. Prometheus chained on the rock is the counterpart of Job on his dunghill. Torn with unrelaxing agony, the vulture with beak and talons rending at his heart, the Titan still defies the tyrant at whose command he suffers, and, strong in conscious innocence, appeals to the eternal *Moira* which will do him right in the end. The Olympian gods were cruel, jealous, capricious, malignant; but beyond and above the Olympian gods lay the silent, brooding, everlasting fate of which victim and tyrant were alike the instruments, and which at last, far off, after ages of misery it might be, but still before all was over, would vindicate the sovereignty of justice. Full as it might be of contradictions and perplexities, this obscure belief lies at the very core of our spiritual nature, and it is called fate or predestination, according as it is termed pantheistically as a necessary condition of the universe or as the decree of a self-conscious being.

OMNIPRESENT ORGANIC LAWS.

Intimately connected with this belief, and perhaps the fact of which it is the inadequate expression, is the existence in nature of omnipresent organic laws, penetrating the material world, penetrating the moral world of human life and society, which insist on being obeyed in all that we do not handle—which we cannot alter, cannot modify—which will go with us, and assist and befriend us, if we recognise and comply with them—which inexorably make themselves felt in failure and disaster if we neglect or attempt to thwart them. Search where we will among created things, far as the microscope will allow the eye to pierce, we find organisation everywhere. Large forms resolve themselves into parts, down, so far as we can see, into infinity. When the plant meets with the conditions which agree with it, it thrives; under unhealthy conditions it is poisoned and disintegrates. It is the same precisely with each one of ourselves, whether as individuals or as aggregated into associations, into families, into nations, into institutions. The remotest fibre of human action, from the policy of empires to the most insignificant trifle over which we waste an idle hour or moment, either moves in harmony with the true law of our being, or is else at discord with it. A King or a Parliament enacts a law, and we imagine we are creating some new regulation, to encounter unprecedented circumstances. The law itself which applied to these circumstances was enacted from eternity. It has its existence independent of us, and will enforce itself either to reward or punish, as the attitude which we assume towards it is wise or unwise. Our human laws are but the copies, more or less imperfect, of the eternal laws so far as we can read them, and either succeed and promote our welfare, or fail and bring confusion and disaster, according as the legislator's insight has detected the true principle, or has been distorted by ignorance or selfishness. And these laws are absolute, inflexible, irreversible, the steady friends of the wise and good, the eternal enemies of the blockhead and the knave. No Pope can dispense with a statute enrolled in the Chancery of Heaven, or popular vote repeal it. The discipline is a stern one, and many a wild endeavour men have made to obtain less hard conditions, or imagine them other than they are. The laws of nature are general, and are no respecters of persons. There has been and there still is a clinging impression that the sufferings of men are the results of their own particular misdeeds, and that no one is or can be punished for the faults of others. I shall not dispute about the word "punishment." "The fathers have eaten sour grapes," said the Jewish proverb, "and the children's teeth are set on edge." So said Jewish experience, and Ezekiel answered that these words should no longer be used among them. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Yes, there is a promise that the soul shall be saved, there is no such promise for the body. Every man is the architect of his own character, and if to the extent of his opportunities he has lived purely, nobly, and uprightly, the misfortunes which may fall on him through the crimes or errors of other men cannot injure the immortal part of him. But it is no less true that we are made dependent one upon another to a degree which can hardly be exaggerated. The winds and waves are on the side of the best navigator —the seaman who best understands them. Place a fool at the helm, and crew and passengers will perish, be they ever so innocent. The tower of Siloam fell, not for any sins of the eighteen who were crushed by it, but through bad mortar probably, the rotting of a beam, or the uneven setting of the foundation. The persons who should have suffered, according to our notion of distributive justice, were the ignorant architects or masons who had done their work ill. But the guilty had, perhaps, long been turned to dust. And the law of gravitation brought the tower down at its own time indifferent to the persons who might be under it.

THE POSITION OF MAN.

Now the feature which distinguishes man from other animals is that he is able to observe and discover these laws which are of such mighty moment to him, and direct his conduct in conformity with them. The more subtle may be revealed only by complicated experience. The plainer and more obvious—among those especially which are called mortal—have been apprehended among the higher races easily and readily. I shall not ask how the knowledge of them has been obtained, whether by external revelation, or by natural insight, or by some other influence working through human faculties. The fact is all that we are concerned with, that from the earliest times of which we have historical knowledge there have always been men who have recognised the distinction between the nobler and baser parts of their being. They have perceived that if they would be men and not beasts, they must control their animal passions, prefer truth to falsehood, courage to cowardice, justice to violence, and compassion to cruelty. Duty in the high sense comes to mean religious duty, that is to say, the attentive observance of certain forms and ceremonies, and these forms and ceremonies interfere little or not at all with ordinary life, and ultimately have a tendency to resolve themselves into payments of money. Thus rises what is called idolatry. I do not mean by idolatry the mere worship of manufactured images. I mean the separation between practical obligation and new moons and sabbaths, outward acts of devotion or formulas of particular opinions. It is a state of things perpetually recurring; for there is nothing, if it would only act, more agreeable to all parties concerned. The mischief is that the laws of nature remain meanwhile unsuspended, and all the functions of society become poisoned through neglect of them. Religion, which ought to have been a restraint, becomes a fresh instrument of evil—to the imaginative and the weak a contemptible superstition, to the educated a mockery, to knaves and hypocrites a cloak of iniquity, to all alike—to those who suffer and those who seem to profit by it—a lie so palpable as to be worse than atheism itself. There comes a time when all this has to end. Even in the most corrupt ages there are always more persons than we suppose who in their hearts rebel against the prevailing fashions; one takes courage from another, one supports another; communities form themselves with higher principles of action and purer intellectual beliefs. As their numbers multiply they catch fire with a common idea and a common indignation, and ultimately burst out into open war with the lies and iniquities that surround them. I have been describing a natural process which has repeated itself many times in human history, and, unless the old opinion that we are more than animated clay, and that our nature has nobler affinities, dies away in a dream, will repeat itself at recurring intervals, so long as our race survives upon the planet.

HISTORICAL PROOFS.

I have told you generally what I conceive to be our real position, and the administration under which we live; and I have indicated how naturally the conviction of the truth would tend to express itself in the moral formulas of Calvinism. I will now run briefly over the most remarkable of the great historical movements to which I have alluded; and you will see, in the striking recurrence of the same peculiar mode of thought and action, an evidence that, if not completely accurate, it must possess some near and close affinity with the real fact. I will take first the example with which we are all most familiar—that of the chosen people. I must again remind you that I am not talking of theology. I say nothing of what is technically called revelation. I am treating these matters as phenomena of human experience, the lessons of which would be identically the same if no revelation existed. Mr. Froude then sketched briefly the history of the Israelites, beginning with a description of the advanced state of civilisation in Egypt, which degenerated to effeminacy and luxuriousness. The Persians also, under the teaching of Zoroaster, rose out of the worship of mere material and natural forces to the higher level of a recognition of moral and spiritual laws. The Persians thus became the Puritans of the Old World. In Greece and Rome are also to be traced the same uprising of higher sensibility and deeper insight against materialism and atheism. Mr. Froude gave a graphic description of the corruption of Rome under the Cæsars. In this state of general corruption there were still some who rose to higher things. In Rome, Stoicism—which had the same belief in an overruling destiny as Calvinism—protested against the prevalent evil. But Stoicism was only for the educated, not for the multitude.

DAWN OF THE REFORMATION.

Christianity became in time the religion of the Roman Empire. But in the course of time it also became corrupt, in both the Eastern and Western branches into which the Church split—first in the former, but ultimately, after a much longer interval, in the latter also. This corruption of the Church led in the sixteenth century to the Reformation of Luther and Calvin. Mr. Froude described Luther as "one of the grandest men that ever lived on earth."

CALVIN AND CALVINISTS.

Calvin had none of Luther's genial and merry humour. Calvinism as it existed at Geneva, and as it endeavoured to be wherever it took root for a century and a half after him, was not a system of opinion, but an attempt to make the will of God as revealed in the Bible an authoritative guide for social as well as personal direction. Men wonder why the Calvinists, being so doctrinal, yet seem to dwell so much and so emphatically on the Old Testament. It was because in the Old Testament they found, or thought they found, a Divine example of national government, a distinct indication of the laws which men were ordered to follow, with visible and immediate punishments attached to disobedience. At Geneva, as for a time in Scotland, moral sins were treated after the example of the Mosaic law, as crimes to be punished by the magistrate. "Elsewhere," said Knox, speaking of Geneva, "the Word of God is taught as purely, but never anywhere have I seen God obeyed as faithfully." If it was a dream, it was at least a noble one. The Calvinists have been called intolerant. Intolerance of an enemy who is trying to kill you seems to me a pardonable state of mind. It is no easy matter to tolerate lies clearly convicted of being lies under any circumstances; specially it is not easy to tolerate lies which strut about in the name of religion; but there is no reason to suppose that the Calvinists at the beginning would have thought of meddling with the Church if they had themselves been let alone. They would have formed communities. Why, it is asked, were they so dogmatic? Why could they not be contented to teach men reasonably and quietly that to be wicked was to be miserable, that in the indulgence of immoderate passions they would find less happiness than in adhering to the rules of justice, or yielding to the impulses of more generous emotions? And, for the rest, why could they not let fools be fools, and leave opinion free about matters of which neither they nor others could know anything certain at all? I reply that it is not true that goodness is synonymous with happiness. The most perfect being who ever trod the soil of this planet was called the Man of Sorrows. If happiness means absence of care and inexperience of painful emotion, the best securities for it are a hard heart and a good digestion. If morality has no better foundation than a tendency to promote happiness, its sanction is but a feeble uncertainty. There is, however, it must be allowed, something in what these objectors say. The power of Calvinism has waned. The discipline which it once aspired to maintain has fallen slack. Desire for ease and self-indulgence drag for ever in quiet times at the heel of noble aspirations, while the shadow struggles to remain and preserve its outline when the substance is passing away. The argumentative and logical side of Calvin's mind has created once more a fatal opportunity for a separation between opinion and morality. We have learnt, as we say, to make the best of both worlds, to take political economy for the rule of our conduct, and to relegate religion into the profession of orthodox doctrines. Systems have been invented to explain the inexplicable. Metaphors have been translated into formulas, and paradoxes intelligible to emotion have been thrust upon the acceptance of the reason; while duty, the loftiest of all sensations which we are permitted to experience, has been resolved into the acceptance of a scheme of salvation for the individual human soul. Was it not written long ago "He that will save his soul shall lose it"? If we think of religion only as a means of escaping what we call the wrath to come, we shall not escape it; we are already under it; we are under the burden of death, for we care only for ourselves. This was not the religion of your fathers; this was not the Calvinism which overthrew spiritual wickedness, and hurled kings from their thrones, and purged England and Scotland, for a time at least, of lies and charlatanry. Calvinism was the spirit which, as I have shown you, has appeared and reappeared, and in due time will appear again, unless God be a delusion and man be as beasts that perish. For it is but the inflashing upon the conscience of the nature and origin of the laws by which mankind are governed—laws which exist, whether we acknowledge them or whether we deny them, and will have their way, to our weal or woe, according to the attitude in which we please to place ourselves towards them—inherent, like the laws of gravity, in the nature of things, not made by us, not to be altered by us, but to be discerned and obeyed by us at our everlasting peril. Nay, rather the law of gravity is but a property of material things and matter, and all that belongs to it may one day fade away like a cloud and vanish. The moral law is inherent in eternity. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, by My word shall not pass away." The law is the expression of the will of the Spirit of the Universe. The spirit in man which corresponds to and perceives the Eternal Spirit is part of its essence, and immortal as it is immortal. The Calvinists called an eye within us the Inspiration of the Almighty. What the thing is which we call ourselves we know not. It may be true—I, for one, care not if it be—that the descent of our mortal bodies may be traced through an ascending series to some glutinous jelly formed on the rocks of the primeval ocean. It is nothing to me how the Maker of me has been pleased to construct the organised substance which I call my body. It is *mine*, but it is not *me*. The *nous*, the intellectual spirit, being an *ousia*—an essence—we believe to be an imperishable something which has been engendered in us from another source. As Wordsworth says:—

> "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
> The soul that rises in us, our life's star,
> Hath elsewhere had its setting,
> And cometh from afar:
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> Not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come,
> From heaven, which is our home."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Solicitors as Magistrates.—The *Law Times* says:—Sir Roundell Palmer is about to bring in a bill to repeal the law that prohibits practising solicitors from being county magistrates. Although not prohibited by law, the same rule prevails by custom as to barristers, who are not allowed to act as magistrates in the counties in which they practise at the assizes and sessions. In Middlesex a barrister is not placed on the commission without a pledge given to the lord lieutenant that he will not practise in any criminal or police court in the county. The reason for this is obvious, and is equally applicable to solicitors. The bill repeals a very unjust and unnecessary disqualification, which was without limit as to locality; but Sir R. Palmer's bill will of course provide that no solicitor shall act as a magistrate in any division in which he or a partner practises. The objections are both public and professional—the public will suspect favouritism to clients, and the profession will protest against the advantages that would thus be given to other solicitors by the impression, however unreal, that something was to be gained by preferring one office to another.

Frenchmen and Germans.—The *Nord Deutsche Zeitung* publishes the following remarks, which are set forth prominently in its front pages:—"Complaints reach us daily of the ill-treatment and annoyance to which Germans are at present exposed in France, and particularly in Paris. Bankers are discharging their German clerks, who have rendered them valuable services during many years, and manufacturers declare that they will henceforth receive no German workmen into their establishments. But beyond this the Academies and the learned bodies, the rulers and the homes of French science, make hostile demonstrations against Germany, by announcing that in future no German correspondents will be admitted into the universal Republic of *Savants*. All these demonstrations, more or less petty, can only be regarded with regret, as symptoms of the spirit that will prevail in future, and against which, in definitively concluding peace, we must obtain securities. But the French, and especially the Parisians, are going still further in this petty warfare, by which they continue the great war which is now at an end. They have indulged in conduct towards Germans who have returned to France to arrange their business affairs, or to resume their commercial operations, such as all civilised nations regard as not permissible even in a time of war. They have prevented Germans from reopening their shops, they have wrecked the establishment of one German at least; they have refused to allow other Germans to enter the Bourse; they have imprisoned inoffensive Germans solely on account of their nationality. We have concluded peace, and we wish to maintain that peace honestly and in all sincerity, but still it must be understood to be on condition that the French also shall observe it. If, however, the abuses of which we complain are not speedily terminated, if the French Government fails to protect peaceable Germans who have infringed no French law, we shall be obliged to adopt some retaliatory measures." Commenting upon the above, the *Soir* of Paris observes:—"We owe nothing to the Germans who return to France to make money out of us after having acted as spies against us, beyond safety to life and property and freedom to move about. The Government knows that as well as private individuals, and is disposed to cause the laws to be observed. But as to again giving to Germans our esteem and consideration, and renewing with them commercial relations to our own detriment, that concerns ourselves and not the Government, and all the Chancelleries in the world will not be able to modify the feelings of the French nation on that point."

Russia and Prussia.—A St. Petersburg letter published in the *Lloyd* of Pesth says:—"A short time before the signing of the preliminaries of peace, the rumour of an Austro-Anglo-German alliance against Russia was current in the diplomatic circles of St. Petersburg. This report was turned to account by the Russian party, which throughout the war had looked suspiciously upon Germany and the policy of the Emperor. But the position of affairs was instantly changed when the telegram of the Emperor William arrived, and which the Emperor regarded as evidence of the triumph of his personal policy. The German party did not fail to represent to the Czar the good effect which would be produced by the publication of this grateful effusion from Prussia. The Prussian telegram and the Czar's reply were, therefore, sent immediately to the office of the official journal, and the telegraphic department was ordered to communicate the despatches to all parts of the empire. It is stated at St. Petersburg that the reply sent by the Czar to Berlin is even more cordial than the published telegram."

Installation of the New Dean of Canterbury.—Dr. Payne Smith was on Saturday formerly installed Dean of Canterbury. The ceremony took place in the cathedral of that city between the ordinary morning service. Subsequently the canons, honorary canons, six preachers and minor canons, attended at the residence of the vice dean (the Bishop Suffragan of Dover), and were presented to the new dean.

Rumour of another Royal Marriage.—The Enniskillen journals publish a rumour that a marriage is arranged between the Princess Beatrice and the Marquis of Ely.

Army Establishment.—A paper containing a return of the number of men voted by Parliament for the establishment of the regular army in 1870-71, including the augmentations, and a tabular statement specifying how many men the regular army was below the establishment on the first day of certain months, has been published. This document shows that whereas on the first of September last, in consequence of the augmentation, the army was short of 20,221 men, the number now to be made up is only 7,255.

Letter from M. Rochefort.—The following letter from M. Henri Rochefort is published in the *Rappel*:—"I awake from the frightful nightmare which has made me three-quarters mad during twelve days to learn by your letter that the *Mot d'Ordre* is suspended. That is the first victory of General Vinoy. Let us submit to it, as we have had to submit to the defeats and the capitulation of that ancient Senator. It is necessary, however, to expect numerous disappointments, since M. Ernest Picard—who is already, as Minister of the Interior, supreme director of the press—is at the same time a newsmonger; and, naturally, each time that he experiences the need of giving his own a lift, he suppresses the others. It is at once very simple and very honourable; only I would not have believed the members of the Government possessed of sufficient effrontery to dare to accuse me of preaching pillage—me who, at my entrance into the Government, immediately promised to reduce by three-fourths all the emoluments of the Ministers. I have no longer now any occasion to hasten my recovery, but I will none the less try to get on my feet as fast as possible.—A thousand friendships. (Signed) Henri Rochefort."

Chinese Women in California.—We read in the *Philadelphia Ledger*:—"Chinese women, it is asserted, are held in a state of slavery in California. One of the sufferers recently complained to the chief of police at San Francisco that she had entered into a contract for three years' service, and that at the expiration of this time her master had refused to permit her to return to China. It is alleged that the masters, taking advantage of the ignorance of these female servants, exclude them from intercourse with the world, and hold them in a condition of actual slavery. It is proposed to levy compulsory contributions on the Chinese gambling-houses in San Francisco to raise the funds wherewith to pay the expenses of the return of these female slaves to China."

The Isle of Man.—According to the latest returns the total area of the Isle of Man is 180,000 statute acres. Of this 28,222 are under corn crops (including beans and peas), 12,688 under green crops, 384 under bare fallow, 32,175 under grass, and 13,031 are permanent pasture. There were 5,810 horses, 17,403 head of cattle, 53,565 sheep, and 6,332 pigs, so that the number to every 100 acres under crops, fallow, and grass was 6·7 horses, 20·1 cattle, 61·9 sheep, and 5·5 pigs.

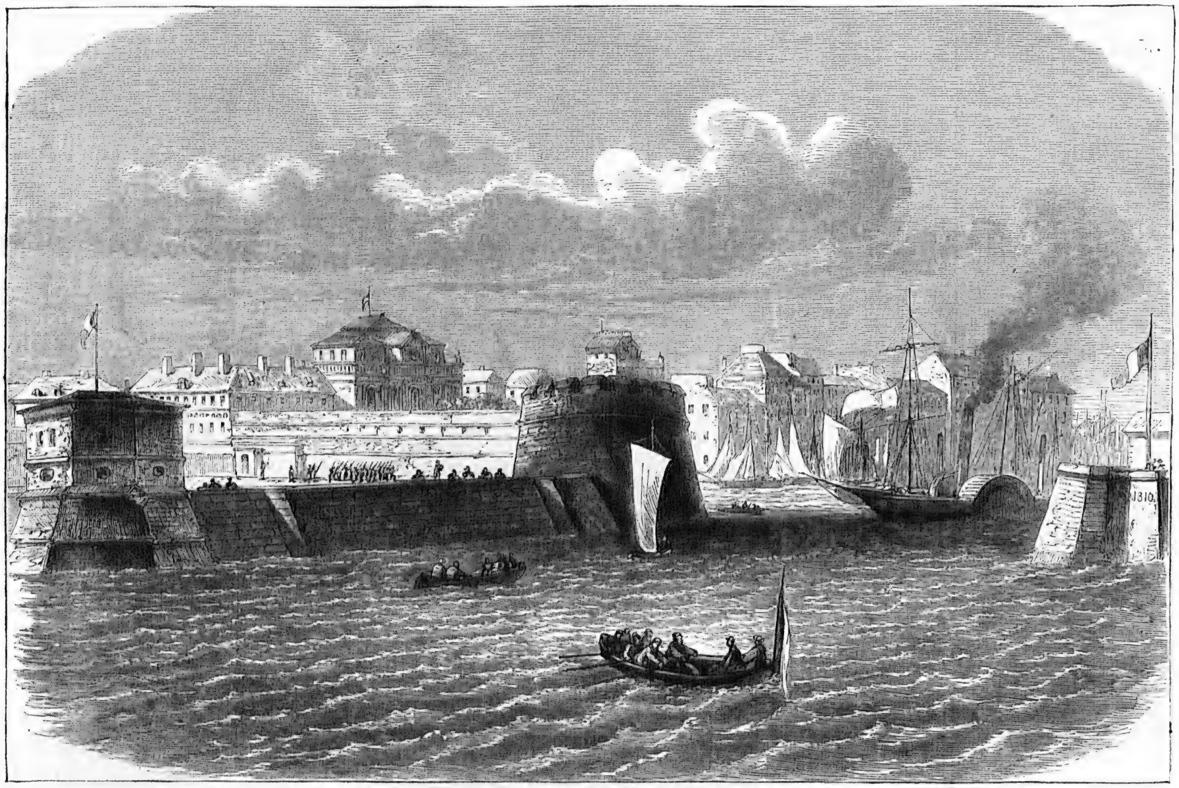
The Census of 1871.—The arrangements for the decennial numbering of the people are now complete, householders' schedules and books for enumerators having been issued from the Census Office in Craig's-court, Charing-cross, to all the Registrars throughout the kingdom. Every precaution has been taken to render the return accurate and complete, and it will probably be a full and reliable record of the number of living souls abiding on the land or in vessels upon the coast or inland waters on the night preceding the census day, which is Monday, April 3. Provision is also made for obtaining a list of persons in Her Majesty's ships at sea and on foreign stations, the crews of merchantmen and other vessels belonging to English ports, and of all residents who may be travelling abroad on that night. The census schedules will be left at every house, one for every family or lodger during the week which commences on Monday next, March 27; they contain explicit instructions as to the mode in which the form is to be filled up, and the head of each family is bound to furnish all the necessary particulars under a penalty of £5. Each enumerator will have about 200 houses in his list, and he will be required to fill up the schedule himself in case there is no member of a family able to write. The census papers will all be collected on Monday, April 3, their contents copied into books, and the results calculated upon which the Registrar-General will compile his aggregate return. An improved scale of allowance for performing the duties connected with the census has been sanctioned by the Secretary of State for the Home Department; registrars will receive a fixed fee of £4 and an additional fee of 1s. for every hundred persons above 1,200 in their district; and enumerators will be paid £1 1s. each, and 2s. 6d. per hundred persons over the first 400, with certain travelling expenses.

France and the Exhibition of 1871.—*Engineering* says France has at last put in an actual appearance at Kensington, the French Commissioner, M. de Somerrard, has arrived, and a large number of exhibits are on their way to it, if they have not positively arrived in this country. Messrs. Chaplin and Horne have received intimation that their services will be required for the unloading of five or six steamers freighted with valuable exhibits. Before the war, and before the siege shut up Paris from the rest of the world, all the arrangements were made, and a large number of articles were got together. Now that the war is happily over, the authorities have with promptness commenced pushing forward with great activity the preparations that have been so unfortunately delayed, and a large number of artists and eminent *industriels* met and addressed to the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce a letter declaring themselves ready, at any sacrifice, to sustain the reputation of France in the arts of peace, and to reply to the marks of sympathy addressed by the English people and the British Commission. Some of the most interesting exhibits in the French section will be those that have been completed in Paris during the siege. Carpenters are busily at work erecting the necessary stands in the annexe which has been erected at the expense of France, and in otherwise getting it ready for the use of French exhibitors.

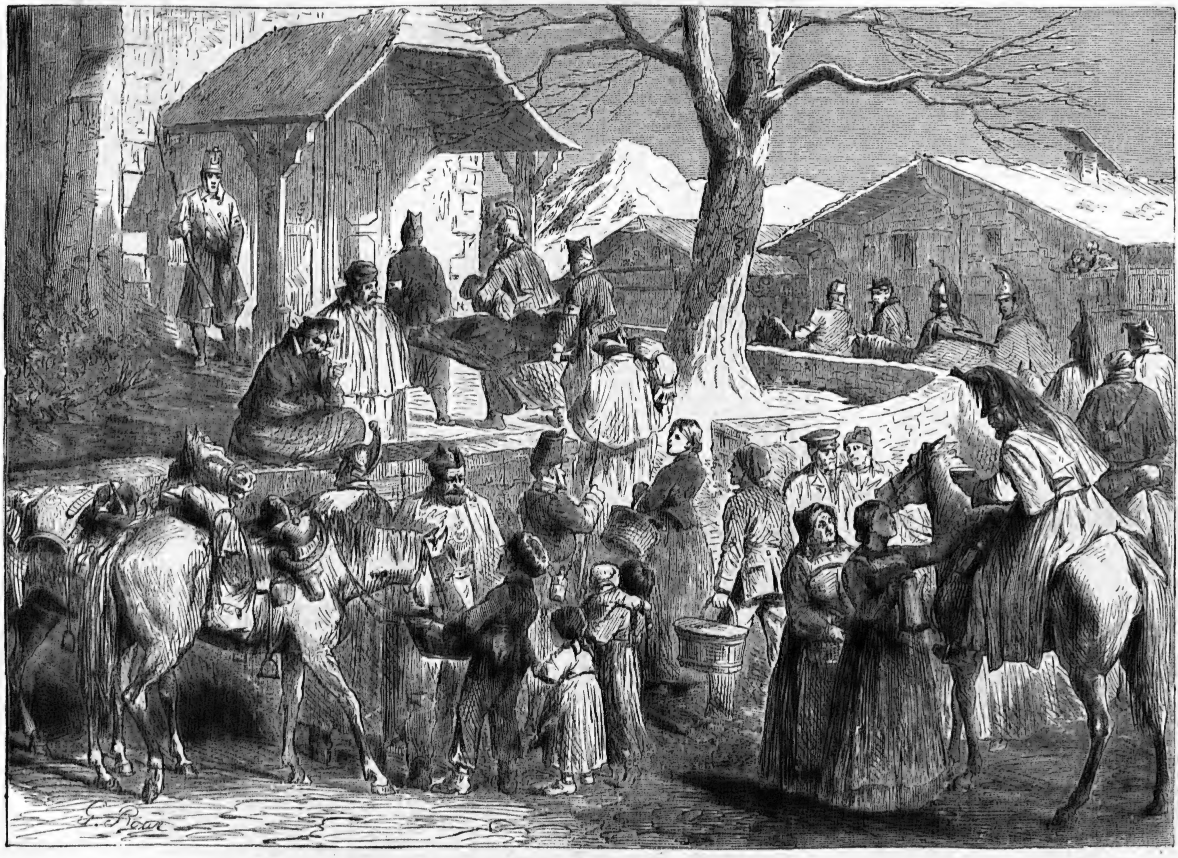
The *Broad Arrow* is glad to hear that the Secretary of State for India has granted the sum of £2,000 each to the 7th and 19th Regiments of Hussars as compensation for the depreciation of property and inconvenience which those corps have suffered from being ordered home at such short notice. This award must fall very far short of the loss actually sustained, yet the concession is acceptable as admitting a principle, and we are happy to add that the example is to be followed in the case of the five batteries of Horse Artillery, which have been summoned from India likewise on short notice.

Fire at Holker Hall.—On Sunday morning (the 12th inst.), a little before five o'clock, a fire broke out at Holker Hall, Cartmel, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, K.G. Holker Hall is a fine building situate in extensive grounds, about half a mile distant from the village of Cark, on the Furness Railway line, which pierces the North Lonsdale district from Lancaster to Whitehaven. The fire was discovered in his bedroom by Lord Frederick Cavendish, brother of his Grace, who arrived the preceding evening. The engine on the Holker estate was speedily at work, all present volunteering their services. The supply of water at hand was by no means plentiful, the only sources being the fish-pond on the lawn and a well in the rear of the building. In the meanwhile the flames spread with alarming rapidity, and soon the whole building was in danger. At six o'clock it was apparent that the right wing was doomed. In this part of the mansion were the many valuable pictures and the costly library of his Grace, who is well known for his literary attainments and love for the fine arts. Efforts were made to save as many volumes, family relics, portraits, statuettes, &c., as possible, and soon the beautiful lawn in front of the conservatories was covered with heaps of valuables thrown indiscriminately together. About this time a shower of rain fell, and costly carpets were spread over the rescued property to save it from a second danger. Owing to some strange omission, the intelligence of the disaster did not reach Ulverstone, the county town, until nine o'clock, although it is only about five miles distant. As soon, however, as the news was received, the fire-engine, with horses, and the full complement of trained men, together with many volunteers, consisting of the principal tradesmen of the place, left by train for the scene of the conflagration, which they reached shortly before ten o'clock, only in time to find that the splendid and unique entrance hall, corridors, dressing-rooms, and library had been completely gutted. Not only had the fire destroyed the furniture, but it had left that portion of the structure a mere skeleton of walls and charred timber. The magnificent windows had not only suffered by the loss of glass, but the architectural stonework was lying in a heap of ruins. At half-past ten o'clock all further danger was passed, the duties of the firemen being simply confined to preventing the embers from breaking out afresh, and thus endangering the centre and other wing. Fully one-third of the mansion has fallen a prey to the fire, the damage being roughly estimated at £30,000. We give an illustration of the incident in another part of the paper. It has since been ascertained that, notwithstanding the energetic efforts made to save property, the loss of works of art of great value was very considerable. Of the pictures, exclusive of rare prints, &c., seventy-two have been destroyed. These were distributed in various parts of the wing which was burnt, in the following detail:—In the library, portraits of Sir Thomas Moore, Sir Isaac Newton, Hobbes the philosopher; the first Duke of Devonshire, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; and a portrait supposed to be that of a Duchess of Manchester. In the drawing room, besides some minor pictures, A Windmill, by Jacob Ruysdael; a small landscape, by Claude; Calm at Sea, by Horace Vernet; two sea views, by Vandervelde; a very beautiful Venice, by Canaletto; St. Christopher and the Saviour, by Albert Durer; two pictures by Wouvermans; three by Zuccarelli; and two by Hobbema; as well as a portrait of John Bunyan. In the ante-room, A Gentleman, by Tintoretto, said to be one of the finest of this master's works; Raising the Stones of the Sepulchre, the painter unknown; and a portrait of Lady Dorothy, daughter of the Earl of Southampton; with two or three others of less importance. In the front hall, in addition to the magnificent fireplace of the date of 1614, were portraits of Admiral Penn, Mary, Queen of William III., Lady Rachel Russell, Sir William Lowther, the Lord Keeper Coventry, and one of the Earls of Douglas, which were all destroyed. In the corridor, Truth and Daylight, a fine picture, with portrait of the first Lord George Cavendish, and portraits of Sir James Lowther, William III., Louis XIV., the Duke of Marlborough, James II., Mrs. Knott, Mr. Preston, Mr. Baxter, and the well-known portrait of Nell Gwynne, by Sir P. Lely, with a few more family pictures, principally of the portrait class, were burnt. On the grand staircase, the following were destroyed:—St. James's Palace and the Green Park in the Olden Time, Barrow-in-Furness in 1846 and in 1870, Furness Abbey in the Olden Time, The Artists at Study, Caught in the Act, John the Baptist, Bridge in Naples, The Mistletoe; View in Florence, a very large picture; portraits of Cardinal Pole, Mary Queen of England, Elizabeth Duchess of Devonshire, the Princess Sophia (supposed), Charles I. (a very fine likeness of life size); the first Duchess of Devonshire, daughter of James Duke of Ormonde; Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I.; Lady Rachel Russell, William, second Duke of Devonshire; his son, Lord Charles Cavendish; his daughter, afterwards Lady Betty Lowther; and the two daughters of Lady Rachel Russell, who afterwards became respectively Duchess of Devonshire and Duchess of Rutland; a few small landscapes, The Ascension, magnificently executed in mosaic work; and a fine picture by Gainsborough, containing portraits of the Duke's father and uncle as children. Besides the pictures a large quantity of beautiful tapestry, brought from Lismore Castle, the Duke's seat in Ireland, and some remarkably fine old oak carvings removed from the Old Priory Church, Cartmel, at the time of its renovation, have been destroyed, as well as a valuable collection of rare and antique china, &c., which was scattered about the staircase and corridor. Amongst the curiosities burnt was a very remarkable old oaken bedstead, whose curious carving, of the finest workmanship, had been generally admired.

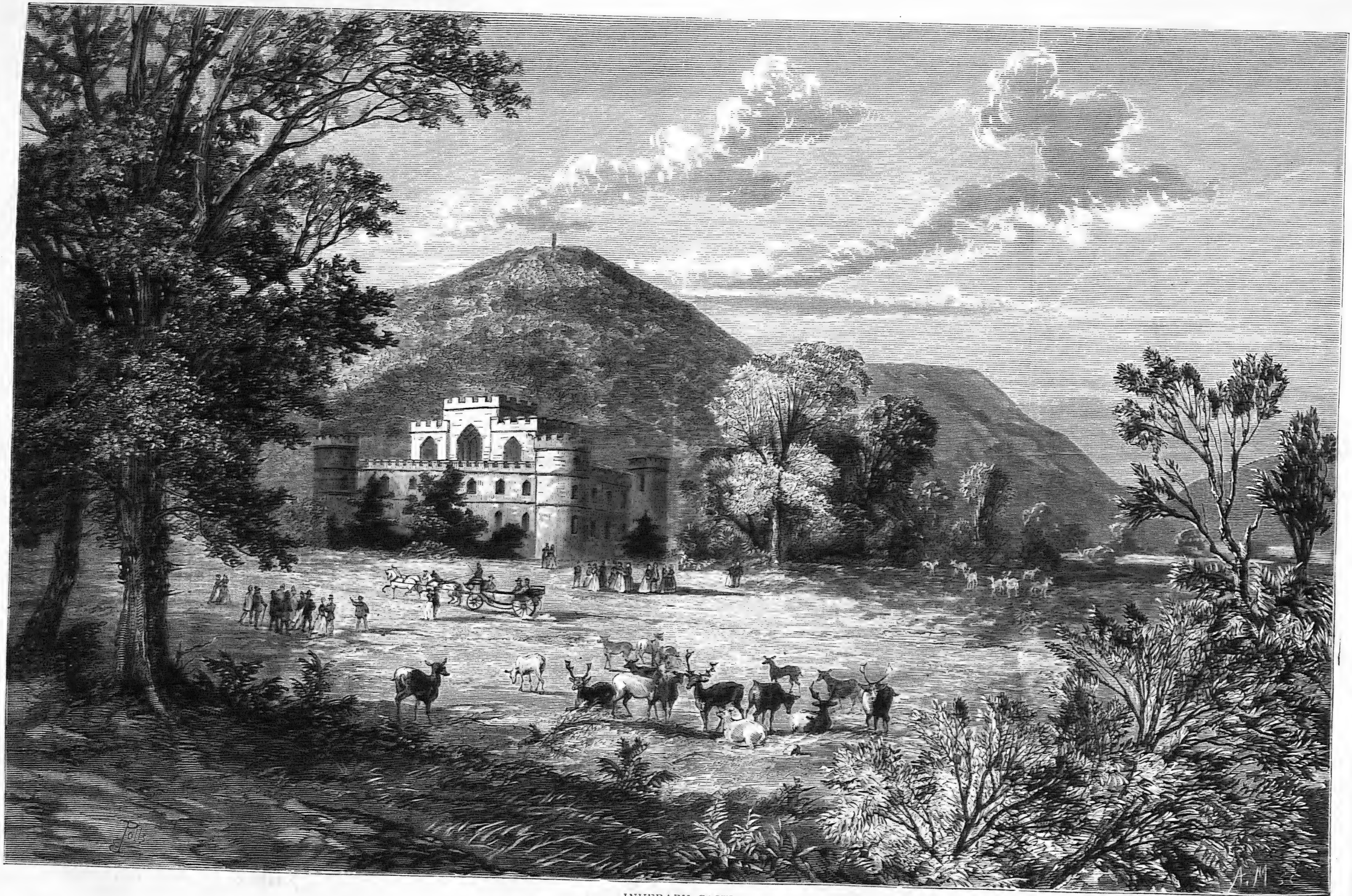
Republicans in Paris.—It is supposed that "General" Darras, whose name figures among the list of Red Republican leaders, is the same who was on the staff of General Chanzy. If so, he is an Irish Fenian, who is supposed to have contrived the arrest of Colonel Elphinstone.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*



ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR AT HAVRE.



FRENCH TROOPS IN A SWISS VILLAGE.



INVERARY CASTLE.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

HER Royal Highness the Princess Louise Caroline Alberta, fourth daughter of Her Majesty the Queen and of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, Duke of [illegible] and Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, was [illegible] on Tuesday in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to John Douglas Sutherland, Marquis of Lorne, M.P., eldest son of the Duke of Argyll.

DECORATIONS AT WINDSOR.

Although the weather of the earlier part of the morning threatened to impair the effect of the efforts of the good people of Windsor to celebrate the event by general rejoicing and holiday-making, still they persevered in their work of decoration, and would, had it rained cats and dogs, have accomplished their object, so unanimous and determined were they to greet the young Princess on her wedding-day with all the smiles and cheers they could bestow. The thick fog that prevailed not only at Windsor, but over the entire metropolis, up to about half-past nine o'clock, gradually disappeared after that hour, leaving a kind of Scotch mist behind. By half-past ten, however, the rays of a brilliant sun had cleared the atmosphere, and lighted up one of the gayest and prettiest scenes in Windsor possible to imagine. The town generally was decorated with flags, triumphal arches, and devices appropriate to the occasion, but in the High-street and the neighbourhood immediately surrounding the old Castle there was scarcely a house, large or small, that did not bear an emblem of congratulation to the happy pair; nor an individual, judging by the thousands of joyous faces that crowded the streets, who did not participate in the happiness that doubtlessly reigned within the ancient palace.

THE PROCESSION.

Just before twelve o'clock a detachment of the 2nd Regiment of Life Guards rode into the Castle-yard, and took up their position right in front of the chapel. Then commenced to arrive the Royal carriages, numbering ten in all, preceded by a captain's escort of the 2nd Regiment of Life Guards, which formed up in line on the greensward near the west end of the chapel, facing the line of the 91st Regiment, thus forming a guard on either side of the drive along which her Majesty and the Bride's procession subsequently passed on their way to the west entrance of the chapel.

The following is the order of procession:—

First Carriage.—Colonel Oliphant, in attendance on his Highness the Maharajah; Colonel Airey, in attendance on her Royal Highness the Princess of Teck; Colonel Tyrwhitt, Equerry to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge; Mr. R. W. Collins, in attendance on his Royal Highness Prince Leopold.

Second Carriage.—Colonel Clifton, the Gentleman in attendance on her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge; Lieutenant FitzGerald, Equerry to his Royal Highness Prince Arthur; the Earl of Mountcharles, Equerry in Waiting; Lieutenant Colonel Burnell, in attendance on his Royal Highness the Count of Flanders.

Third Carriage.—Lady Geraldine Somerset, in attendance on her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge; Lady Caroline Cust, in attendance on her Royal Highness the Princess of Teck; and Mrs. G. G. Gordon and Colonel George Gordon in attendance on their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian.

Fourth Carriage.—Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Ellis, Equerry to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; Lady Caroline Barrington, in attendance on her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice; Hon. C. L. Wood, Groom of the Bedchamber to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; the Hon. Mrs. F. Stonor, Woman of the Bedchamber to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

Fifth Carriage.—Lord Alfred Paget, the Clerk Marshal; Lady Susan Melville, in attendance on her Royal Highness Princess Christian; Lord Harris, Chamberlain to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales; the Count von Seckendorff, Gentleman of the Household of their Imperial Highnesses the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany.

Sixth Carriage.—The Earl of Bessborough, the Lord Steward; the Marchioness of Carmarthen, Lady of the Bedchamber to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales; her Highness the Maharajah Duleep Singh and her Highness the Maharanee.

Seventh Carriage.—His Serene Highness the Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, his Serene Highness the Prince of Teck, his Royal Highness the Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, her Royal Highness the Princess of Teck.

Eighth Carriage.—Dr. G. V. Poore, in attendance on his Royal Highness the Prince Leopold; and Lieutenant Colonel Elphinstone, in attendance on his Royal Highness Prince Arthur, his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, and his Royal Highness Prince Arthur.

Ninth Carriage.—His Royal Highness Field Marshal the Duke of Cambridge, his Royal Highness the Count of Flanders, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice.

Tenth Carriage.—His Royal Highness the Prince George of Wales, his Royal Highness the Prince Albert Victor of Wales, her Royal Highness the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

On arrival at the south entrance their Royal Highnesses were received by the Vice-Chamberlain, and were conducted as they arrived to the places set apart for them on the Haut Pas in the following order:—

Somerset Herald—Mr. J. B. Planché.
Chester Herald—Mr. H. Murray Lane.
The Equerry in Waiting—The Earl of Mountcharles.
The Controller of the Household — Lord Otho Fitzgerald.
The Treasurer of the Household—Lord De Tabley.
The Clerk Marshal—Lord Alfred Paget.
The Controller of the Household and Treasurer to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales—General Sir William T. Knollys, K.C.B.
The Keeper of the Privy Purse—Major-General Sir Thomas M. Biddulph, K.C.B.
The Private Secretary—Colonel Henry F. Ponsonby.
Gentleman Usher—Mr. E. H. Anson.
Garter King of Arms—Sir Albert W. Woods.
Gentleman Usher—Major-General H. S. Stephens.
The Chamberlain to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales—Lord Harris, G.C.S.I.
The Vice-Chamberlain—Viscount Castlerosse.
The Lord Steward—The Earl of Bessborough.
The Count von Seckendorff, Of the Household of their Imperial Highnesses the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany (Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland).
Their Royal Highnesses the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, G.C.S.I., and the Maharanee.
His Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, C.B.
Her Royal Highness the Princess of Teck and His Serene Highness the Prince of Teck, G.C.B.
Field Marshal His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G.
Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge.
His Royal Highness the Count of Flanders.
His Royal Highness Prince Leopold, K.G.
His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, K.G.
Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice.
Their Royal Highnesses the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein (Princess Helena of Great Britain and Ireland) and the Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, K.G.
His Royal Highness the Prince George of Wales.
His Royal Highness the Prince Albert Victor of Wales.
Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.
The Woman of the Bedchamber to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales—The Hon. Mrs. F. Stonor.
The Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales—The Marchioness of Carmarthen.
The Ladies in attendance on Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein—Lady Susan Leslie Melville, Mrs. G. G. Gordon.
The Lady in Attendance on Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice—Lady Caroline Barrington.
The Lady in Attendance on Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge—Lady Geraldine Somerset.
The Lady in Attendance on Her Royal Highness the Princess of Teck—Lady Caroline Cust.
The Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard—the Duke of St. Albans.
The Gold Stick in Waiting—General the Earl of Lucan, G.C.B.
The Captain of the Gentlemen at Arms—the Marquis of Normanby.
The Master of the Buckhounds—the Earl of Cork, K.P.
The Master of the Household—Lieutenant-Colonel Sir John Cowell, K.C.B.
The Groom of the Robes—Mr. H. D. Erskine.
The Silver Stick in Waiting—Colonel the Hon. Dudley F. De Ros.
The Field Officer in Brigade in Waiting — Colonel George Higginson.
The Controller in the Lord Chamberlain's Department—The Hon Spencer Ponsonby.
The Groom of the Bedchamber to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales—the Hon. C. L. Wood.
The Equerry to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales — Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Ellis.
The Gentleman-in-Waiting on their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein—Lieutenant-Colonel G. G. Gordon.
The Gentlemen in Attendance on His Royal Highness Prince Arthur—Lieutenant-Colonel Elphinstone, V.C., C.B., Lieutenant FitzGerald.
The Gentlemen in Attendance on His Royal Highness Prince Leopold—Dr. G. V. Poore, Mr. R. W. Collins.
The Gentleman in Attendance on Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge—Colonel R. Clifton.
The Gentleman in Attendance on His Royal Highness the Count of Flanders—Lieutenant-Colonel Burnell.
The Equerry to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge—Colonel Charles Tyrwhitt.
The Gentleman in Attendance on Her Royal Highness the Princess of Teck and on His Serene Highness the Prince of Teck—Colonel Airey.
The Gentleman in Attendance on their Highnesses the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh and the Maharanee—Colonel Oliphant.

As their Royal Highnesses passed up the Chapel a festal march (Dr. Elvey) was played on the organ.

The members of Her Majesty's household and attendants on the Royal personages present were shown to the places appointed for them in the Choir by Her Majesty's Gentlemen Ushers.

THE BRIDEGROOM,

with his supporters, the Earl Percy and the Lord Ronald Leveson Gower, arrived from Windsor Castle at the south entrance to the Chapel, where he was received by the Vice-Chamberlain, and conducted to the room prepared for him near the entrance.

When the Royal Family had taken their places on the Haut Pas, the Vice-Chamberlain conducted the Bridegroom to the seat provided for him on the Haut Pas, accompanied by his supporters, who remained near him. As he proceeded up the Chapel the organ played a march, "Joseph," Handel.

The bridesmaids arrived at the West Entrance to St. George's Chapel, and there awaited, in a room prepared for the purpose, the arrival of Her Royal Highness the Bride.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE BRIDE,

accompanied by Her Royal Highness's supporters, Her Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K.G., and His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, K.G., with their respective suites, left the Queen's Entrance of the Castle in Her Majesty's carriages, at a quarter past twelve o'clock, and arrived at the West Entrance of St. George's Chapel, attended by a Field Officer's Escort of the 2nd Regiment of Life Guards.

AT THE ALTAR.

The following was the position of the distinguished assemblage while the ceremony was proceeding. In front of the altar the Bride stood on the left and the Bridegroom on the right. Behind these, on the left, were Her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg; and on the right, Lord Ronald Leveson-Gower and Earl Percy, the best men of Lord Lorne. The bridesmaids were stationed between these groups, supporting the train. The Lord Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain and the rest of the distinguished company formed two semi-circles behind. To the left were the Princess of Wales, Count of Flanders, Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Cambridge, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, the Princess Teck, and Prince Teck. On the right stood the Duchess of Argyll, the Duke of Argyll, the Dowager Duchess, Lord A. Campbell, Lady A. Campbell, Lord C. Campbell, the Countess of Percy, the Maharajah and Maharanee Dhuleep Singh, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. On the left, in the choir stalls and seats of the Knights of the Garter, were the Ambassadors and Ministers:—The Turkish Ambassador, his Excellency Musurus Pasha; the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, Count Apponyi; the Russian Ambassador, Baron de Brunnow; the German Ambassador, Count Bernstorff; the French Ambassador, the Duke de Broglie; the Danish Minister, General de Bulow; the Belgian Minister, Baron de Beaulieu; and the Portuguese Minister, the Duke de Saldanha. On the right, below the Haut Pas, were the Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster, Lord Halifax, the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Roxburghe, Count Gleichen, the Duke of Wellington, and the Duchess of Wellington.

The Bishop of London read the earlier part of the service, and the Bishop of Oxford read the Scriptural exhortation in lieu of sermon. The choristers sang the two marriage psalms ("Double chant in A") and the Hallelujah Chorus, by Beethoven, from the "Mount of Olives."

During the kneeling portion of the service when the blessing was being said the Queen and all the rest knelt, with the exception of Prince Christian and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

When the time came for putting on the ring the bride took off her glove, which, with the bouquet, the Queen offered to take. The Princess, however, evidently did not observe the gracious attention, and handed them to Lady Florence Lennox, who let them drop. May this be an omen that flowers may strew the ground wherever the Princess's future life may lead her!

AFTER THE CEREMONY.

At the conclusion of the ceremony one of Handel's marches was played on the organ, and a Royal salute was fired in the Long Walk. The Royal personages and their suites then left the chapel in the following order by the west door:—

Heralds.
The Lord and Vice-Chamberlain.
THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.
The Supporters of Her Royal Highness the Bride.
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales;
And
His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.
The Supporters of the Bridegroom.
The Bridesmaids,
Supporting the Train as before.
The Household as before.

The procession of the Royal Family left the chapel in the same order as on entering it, and returned to the Castle from the west door. The route to and from the Castle to St. George's Chapel was by the Castle-hill and through Henry VIII.'s Gateway. On their return to the Castle the register of the marriage was signed by the Bride and Bridegroom, and duly attested by Her Majesty the Queen, and by the other Royal and distinguished personages invited to attend for that purpose in the White Drawing-room. Luncheon was privately served for the Royal Family in the Oak Room, and for her Majesty's guests in the Waterloo Gallery.

At a quarter-past four the Bride and Bridegroom left the Castle, in a carriage with four greys, for Claremont, escorted by a detachment of Life Guards. There was a continual cheer along the High-street, the Marquis repeatedly bowing his acknowledgments. The route was through Park-street and the Long Walk, which was lined with spectators, and, passing Frogmore House, went through Old Windsor, where, in honour of their arrival, a triumphal arch had been erected by the inhabitants. Here the carriage of the august couple was stopped, and Her Royal Highness the Marchioness Louise of Lorne was presented with an elegant bouquet by Miss Carr Lloyd. From Old Windsor the route was continued across the plain of Runnymede, past Magna Charta Island, along Egham-causeway to Chertsey, and here the Royal carriage, after again passing under a triumphal arch at the end of Chertsey-lane, changed horses. The relay for this purpose had been sent on from the Royal Mews, Windsor, and after the lapse of a few minutes devoted to this operation the journey was continued through Walton and Hersham, and thence to Esher. On entering this village, so well known in connection with the doings of Royalty, the Royal party noticed that the great sign-post at the cross-roads had been tastefully decorated by the hands of loyal villagers. The spot is dear to many a memory here, from the fact that on the occasion of his last visit his Royal Highness Prince Leopold planted two trees in commemoration of the event.

THE BONFIRE ON BEN NEVIS.

A weird, strange scene, the figures distorted by the fitful glare of the torches. Our picture on the first page represents the kindling of the bonfire. The artist has forgotten nothing that is characteristic of the time and the people. The bagpipes are there, and the whisky bottle. The central figure is a brawny Scot, working his way down a steep declivity to ascend the hill on the other side, where the flames are already beginning to illuminate the darkness. Presently the huge blaze will cast a glimmer upon the snow that never melts away from the great precipices facing the north-east. It is said that Cameron of Glen Nevis holds his adjacent land by the tenure of an unfailing snowball when demanded. Let us hope the bonfire will not influence his territorial rights. Ben Nevis is 4,368 feet high. It is the loftiest mountain in Scotland.

INVERARY CASTLE.

Turn, reader, to page 33, and you shall see a fine picture of Inverary Castle, and if you have any idea of the gay scenes of revelry, and feasting, and good fellowship within, you will not say with *King Phanor* in "The Palace of Truth," "I would not be there." If *Ko-Kil-Ko* had been within its walls on Tuesday instead of with "Aladdin II.," we venture to say he *would* have been happy.

Inverary Castle, the seat of the Duke of Argyll, was built about 1750, by Duke Archibald, after a design by Adam; and near the site of an older house, taken down at the same time. It is a spacious quadrangular structure, with round towers at the angles, and surmounted by a pavilion. There is a fine display of ancient armour in the hall, including the weapons used by the clan at

Culloden; whilst paintings, family portraits, and tapestry decorate the rooms and gallery.

The town was made a Royal burgh in 1648 by Charles I., who was then a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle. It was visited by Burns in 1787. He could get no attention at the hotel, it being full of the Duke's guests, so in disgust he wrote the following verse upon the window:—

> "Whoe'er it be that sojourns here,
> I pity much his case,
> Unless he's come to wait upon
> The lord their god, his grace."

Among the other objects of interest in the town are the court-house, which is at the water side, and the old market-cross, said to have been brought from Iona. There is also near the church an obelisk commemorating the execution of a batch of Campbells in 1685 for preferring Protestantism to Popery. A noble avenue of trees leads into the woods from the hotel, and forming the principal features in the scenery; indeed, few if any places in Scotland are more beautifully timbered than Inverary Castle.

Festivities in the Servants' Hall at Inverary Castle.

In our picture on page 24 the past and present are blended with pleasing effect. Here we see emblems and relics of the days of witches and fairies, and but for the unmistakably modern stamp of some of the bystanders, this might be the representation of the dancing that followed the bridal feast we read of in the story on which is founded Sir Walter Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor." If the brawny dancers could take the swords and bucklers from the wall, they would seem a fair type of the "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," or the men who cheered for Charley, that bonny Jacobite and prince of ballads. They are flesh and bone of the Scots who fought at Bannockburn, glorying in the same traditions, and living in the same "land o' cakes" and oatmeal flummery. The big Scot with the cap in his hand might be as like to Rob Roy as any man who ever lived, and as ready for mad freaks, too. Men's inborn passions do not change with fashion. If things were to be again as they have been, and there were laws bad enough and forests big enough, there would not be wanting another Robin Hood or men to follow him. But we do not live in times so quaint. "No," as Keats says—

> "Those days are gone away,
> And their hours are old and grey."

And as we turn to our picture and behold the livery servants of the period, we realise that we are living in the nineteenth century. It is most true there is nothing romantic about Jeames. He cannot complain that he is "little blessed with the soft phrase of peace," or that his arms have used their "dearest action in the tented field," and if he did, we certainly should not believe him. He is *par excellence* a man of peace, and withal a useful member of the community.

OUR WAR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Prussian gun we represent on page 37 is a piece of ordnance which has been in most active service during the late war. It is manufactured by F. Krupp, of Essen, in Rhenish Prussia, who sent the big gun to the Paris Exhibition, in 1867, and which big gun was placed to defend the naval port of Wilhelmshaven at the commencement of the Franco-Prussian War.

A large engraving of a battery before St. Denis will be found on page 20, showing 24-pounders of Pommeranian Fort Artillery. When the Paris forts were given up to the besiegers, and the armistice was concluded, the Prussians were not slow in taking possession of their conquests. The 4th German Army, commanded by the Crown Prince of Saxony and accompanied by the Emperor William and his suite, marched into St. Denis, which was at once thrown open to them. Great crowds assembled in the public places to witness the event and to grin the grin of hatred at the besiegers.

The double-page engraving in our Extra Sheet represents the grandest regal incident of the victorious march on Paris. "Proclaiming King William Emperor of Germany at Versailles," commences a new era in the history of Prussia and the Fatherland. The scene was described at the time by the English correspondents in all its imposing details. But it is left for the artist to give the most complete and lasting idea of the demonstration. To do justice to such a subject requires time, and we think our readers will be glad to have the incident in the shape we present it to them. They will recognise the portraits of the chief actors in the War—King, Princes, and Generals. M. Bismarck and General von Moltke hold a prominent position near the dais, and the background in the picture is well filled by the tattered banners of the conquering armies. A general illumination, on the largest scale, was held at Berlin on Friday, in honour of the Emperor's return. All the public and private buildings were illuminated, and the street presented an aspect of unparalleled brilliancy. Great crowds of people filled the streets, especially in the neighbourhood of the Imperial Palace, where several times the Emperor, together with the Empress, appeared upon the balcony. At eight p.m. the Emperor and Empress drove through the streets, and were everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm.

The illustration of French troops in a Swiss village shows a portion of General Bourbaki's ragged army on the march from Neuenberg to Berne on the 5th of February. We never heard of an army, perhaps with the exception of that famous army called together by Sir John Falstaff, that cut a more sorry figure. There were men of all sorts and all sizes; none of them troubled with too much clothing; some without boots and some without stockings, and a great number without courage. And still "all the world wondered" that they did not achieve unheard-of victories.

With the exception of one little skirmish which we illustrate in another page, there has been no naval engagement whatever in connection with the late war. In history this will be a conspicuous feature, and men in future will wonder, as they well may, why the splendid French fleet was never called into action. The exception we refer to above was the skirmish between the German monitor *Arminius* and two French vessels, an incident which our readers will no doubt remember as happening during the early days of the war. On the 24th August the monitor *Arminius* received instructions from Admiral Jachman to reconnoitre before the Jahde and Weser, and bring back intelligence of the enemy. Off the mouth of the Weser she came across a French corvette, which immediately, by her guns, summoned to her assistance an armour-plated frigate which was cruising near. Nevertheless, the *Arminius* wishing to tempt the enemy to an engagement, having got ready for the encounter, made towards both her enemies with all steam. At the distance of about 4,000 yards she fired the first shell against them, from her armoured dome. When the smoke blew away she discovered that both the Frenchmen were making for Heligoland, and by their greater speed evading a fight far out. The *Arminius* followed at her best until the two vessels she was pursuing came up with their main squadron, which lay in the neighbourhood of Heligoland, and were twelve ironclad strong. It was now the time for the *Arminius* to withdraw from at least twentyfold odds, and as there was danger of her being cut off, she steered slowly towards the Jahde, followed at a distance by both the French ships. After she had led them sufficiently, she turned and again tried to tempt them to an engagement, challenging them with several shells. This attempt was also fruitless, for as, facing their shot, she steamed towards them, they again made for their squadron. Evidently they had orders not to engage in a distant fight, for it is impossible, in the face of the well-known bravery of the French seamen, to suppose that two strong ships like these should draw back from fear before one so comparatively weak.

The French ironclads were the *Gauloise*, with fourteen guns of nineteen centimetres calibre, and the corvette *Atalante*, with ten guns (six of nineteen centimetres and four rifled twelve-pounders); the *Arminius* carried four twelve-inch guns. The *Arminius* suffered no injury.

EARTHQUAKE IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

A slight shock of earthquake was felt on Friday night in the North of England. In and near Manchester the shock was felt soon after eleven o'clock. Testimony to the fact is given by many people, but most of them describe it as producing only a slight, though perceptible, tremor. At Singleton Brook, near Manchester, the first shock was felt at precisely six minutes to eleven. A resident says that the windows of his house were violently shaken, as though a heavy vehicle was passing along the road. Several inmates of the house remarked the effect as peculiar, but it did not then suggest the idea of an earthquake, and had nothing further occurred the impression produced would have been forgotten. About five minutes past eleven, however, the noise was again heard, accompanied, as before, by a tremulous motion. This time the effect was much more marked and continuous. All the inmates of the house (nine in number) were in bed, and each felt the shock. At first the impression produced was merely that of trembling, which lasted for, perhaps, two seconds. This was succeeded by a slight pause of about half a second, and then the beds were distinctly felt to roll from side to side, exactly like the heaving of a ship at anchor, and with the same sharp and sudden check to the motion. The time occupied by the second shock was about four seconds. Immediately before the first shock a heaviness in the atmosphere had been noticed, as if there were a sudden change in the temperature. A similar effect was produced, according to concurrent testimony, in the neighbourhood of Bowdon. A decided shock was experienced at Leeds, and from accounts received from York, Wakefield, Doncaster, and other places, it seems to have been pretty generally felt over the southern part of Yorkshire. The accounts obtained from a variety of sources in Leeds show that it was felt in nearly every part of the borough. The statements vary slightly as to the exact time of the occurrence, but it must have taken place from eleven to a quarter past. There were two motions, the first being very slight—so slight that no notice would probably have been taken, but for a more decided one which followed, and the result of which was that windows were violently shaken in their frames, and in some houses articles of crockery displaced. One gentleman living in West-bar, who was in bed at the time, felt a sudden wave-like upheaval, and similar symptoms were experienced by inhabitants in Armley, Headingley, Woodhouse, New Leeds, and Chapeltown. It was not until Saturday morning, however, when people began to describe the sensation to each other and found many who had the same story to tell, that it was attributed to what was no doubt its real cause. Several shocks are reported to have been distinctly felt by many persons in Bradford and surrounding district between ten and eleven o'clock. There is a general concurrence in testimony as to the violence, especially one shock about eleven. One gentleman, residing at Rawdon, states that he felt a shock distinctly about that hour, his bed vibrating in a manner strongly suggestive of the idea that there was some person underneath moving it. The whole of the inmates of the house were aroused by a sensation of a like character. The shock produced similar results in many households in Horton and Manningtree, some persons leaving their beds in alarm, and some under the apprehension, as they suddenly awoke, that burglars were plundering their houses. About a quarter-past eleven, a very perceptible shock was felt in Liverpool and the neighbourhood about Bootle and Seaforth, and along the coast to Southport the movement was very plainly felt; and on Breeze-hill, Walton, the furniture in some of the houses rocked to and fro. The shocks, of which there were two, lasting about three or four seconds, appeared to travel from west to east. The shock, though not very perceptible in Liverpool itself, was very plainly felt in all the outlying districts, including Roby, Huyton, Aigburth, &c. It caused great vibrations of beds, rattling of crockery, and other disturbances, but was not experienced so much by persons walking in the streets as by those in bed. At Ulverston and Lancaster the shock was felt. Furniture in houses was thrown over, and people shaken and considerably alarmed. Two distinct shocks were experienced in the neighbourhood of Kendal—the first at about 2.20; the second at about 11.15. The first was not violent, and it does not appear to have been generally noticed, but the second was everywhere felt, and created great alarm. The townspeople, most of whom had just gone to bed, were startled by a loud rumbling noise and shaking of houses and furniture. Numbers of persons rushed into the street in alarm. Doors and windows were shaken violently, and in some instances flower-pots and other small articles were thrown to the ground. The noise and shock resembled the peculiar vibration produced by a screw propeller when the stern of the vessel is out of the water. It lasted about ten or twelve seconds, and was felt at a distance of sixteen miles from Kendal, on the borders of Yorkshire. It appears to have taken a south-westerly direction. Several witnesses stated that at the time of the occurrence they observed an unusual swell in the waters of Windermere Lake. During the evening the atmosphere was very calm and foggy, like that preceding a thunderstorm. No damage is reported. At Preston the shock was very keenly felt, and it created very much confusion and alarm. People belonging to all classes, the intelligent as well as the illiterate, seemed to be completely bewildered by it.

The effects of the earthquake are variously described. The *Leeds Mercury* says that some speak of it as a rumbling underground noise; others as a rapid shaking of the earth, followed by a sound like a dull crack; others as a sharp swaying oscillating motion, as if a heavy laden waggon were passing; and one correspondent speaks of its effect "as if a huge animal were shaking itself." In the North, where colliery explosions are not uncommon, the impression was that one of these disasters had occurred. The shock appears to have been pretty generally observed about eleven o'clock on Friday evening; but from Askrigg, Leyburn, Middleton Teesdale, and one or two other districts, we have information of two distinct shocks—the first about 6.40, and the other a little after eleven. The phenomenon naturally excited much alarm. Many persons were roused from their slumber and imagined they had been favoured with a visit from thieves. In Leeds several cases have been mentioned in which the inmates searched their houses, being under the impression that the extraordinary noise was caused by burglars.

The *Globe* says:—"Accounts of the earthquake which was felt in the north of England on Friday have been received from many quarters. A gentleman who resides near Aspatria states that he felt the floor of the room in which he was sitting heave, the piano was perceptibly moved, and a statuette upon it was rocked so much that it was nearly overturned. A smart shock was experienced over the Lake district. The effect was sudden and the agitation powerful, but of short duration. It was accompanied by a sound as if a heavy goods train passed at express speed, and the shock was followed by a rushing wind, which quickly died away. Lancaster Castle is said to have been damaged so much as to need repairs. At Kendal the alarm was so great that numbers of people started from their beds and rushed half dressed into the streets to ascertain what was the cause of the concussion. At Preston the shock was very keenly felt, and it created very much confusion and alarm. Some rushed out of their houses, fancying that adjoining buildings had fallen in or that there had been a great explosion in the town. The wave of earthquake was distinctly felt all around Manchester. On the eastern side of Yorkshire it was very slight."

The shock does not appear to have been due to the action of very intense subterranean forces. Even in England, where earthquakes are so infrequent and commonly so innocuous, we have experienced far more marked effects of the earth's internal disturbances than any noted. To go no farther back than the earthquake of October 6th, 1863 (remarkable as having occurred simultaneously with a violent shock of earthquake at Antigua), we find such effects as the following referred to in the various narratives of the event. At Llancilio, the seat of Colonel Clifford, a wall was fissured. At Bishop's Wood, below Ross (a region where the earth's crust shows signs of former rending), a house close by the river was heaved and rocked with so much violence that the occupant of a four-post bed was nearly thrown out. The noise was so loud that the person thus violently treated imagined an explosion of gunpowder had taken place in a barge on the Wye. "The following evidence," wrote the Rev. W. S. Symonds, "is rather remarkable. I received the evidence from a friend who is thoroughly to be depended on. A man rose unusually early, and was engaged in loading a cart with potatoes, which he had promised to deliver before his day's work commenced; when, on a sudden, 'he heard a dreadful noise come roaring up,' apparently from a wood to the westward, and his cart rocked so violently that he was nearly thrown out of it. The trees all around him rocked violently to and fro, and the rooks arose cawing from the wood; the small birds twittered, and took wing with notes of distress. The thunder-like noise appeared to roll off towards the east."

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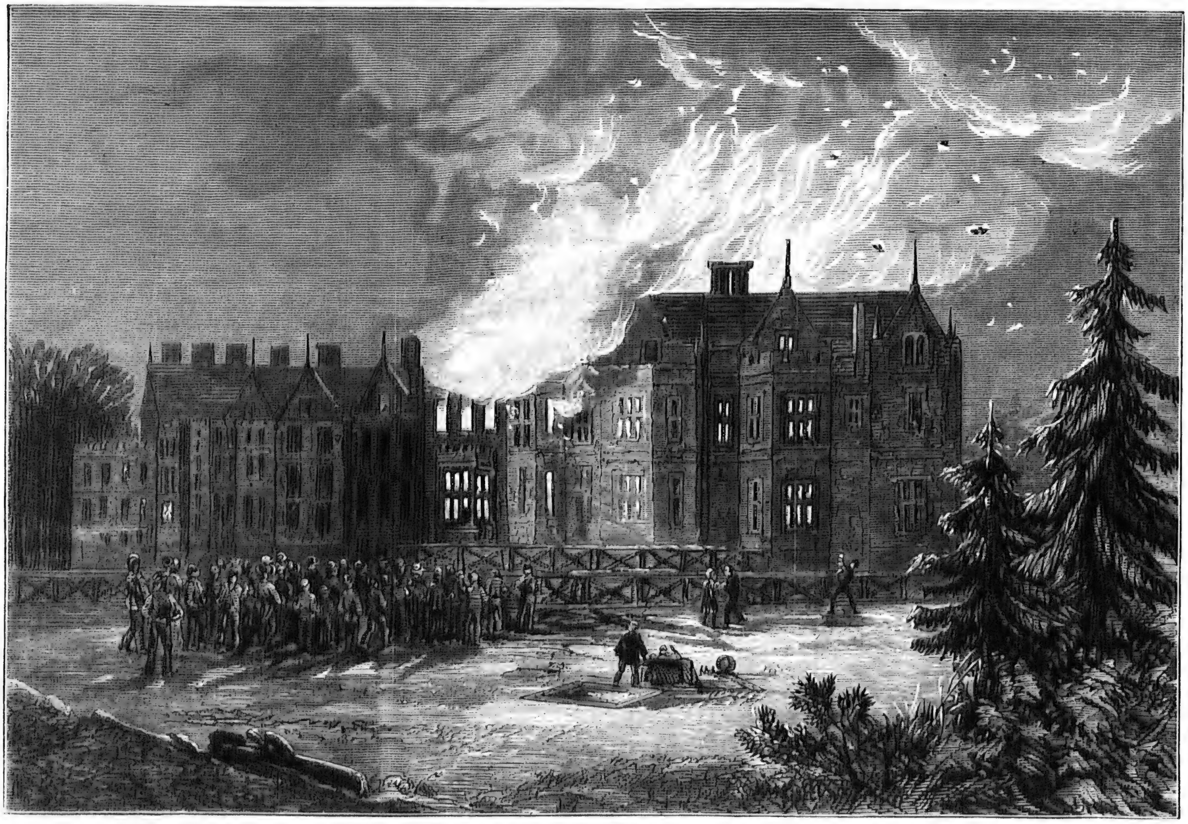

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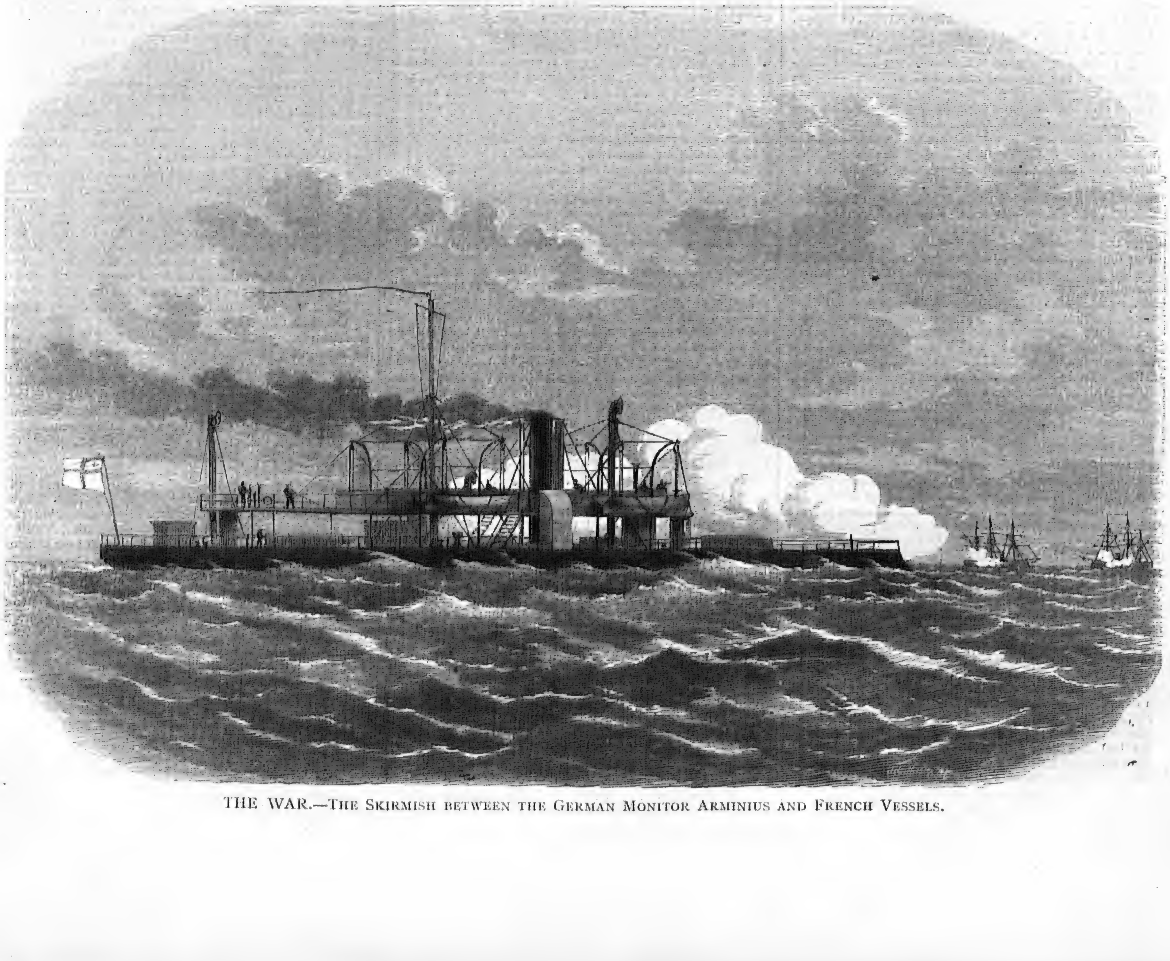

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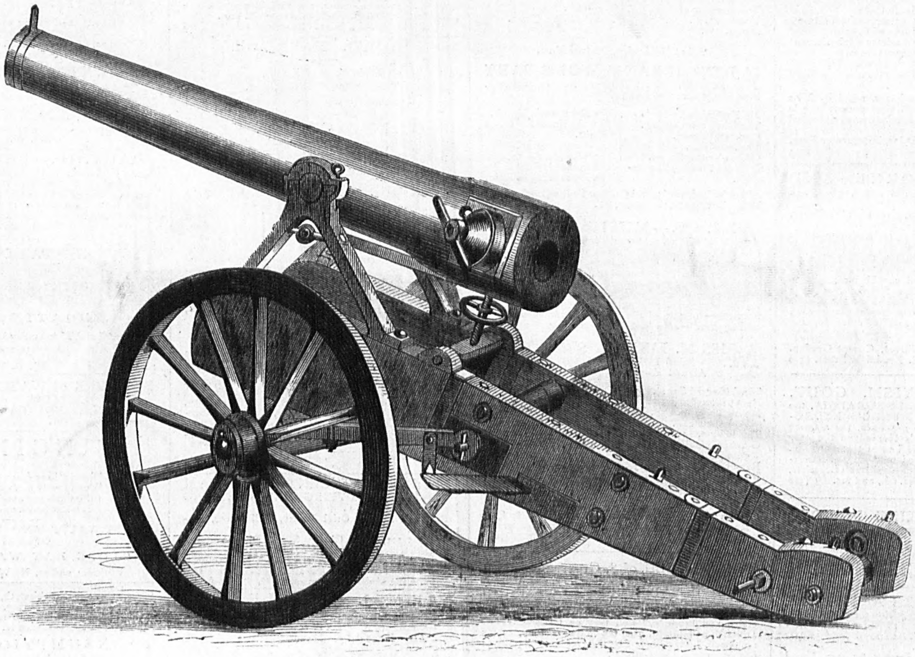

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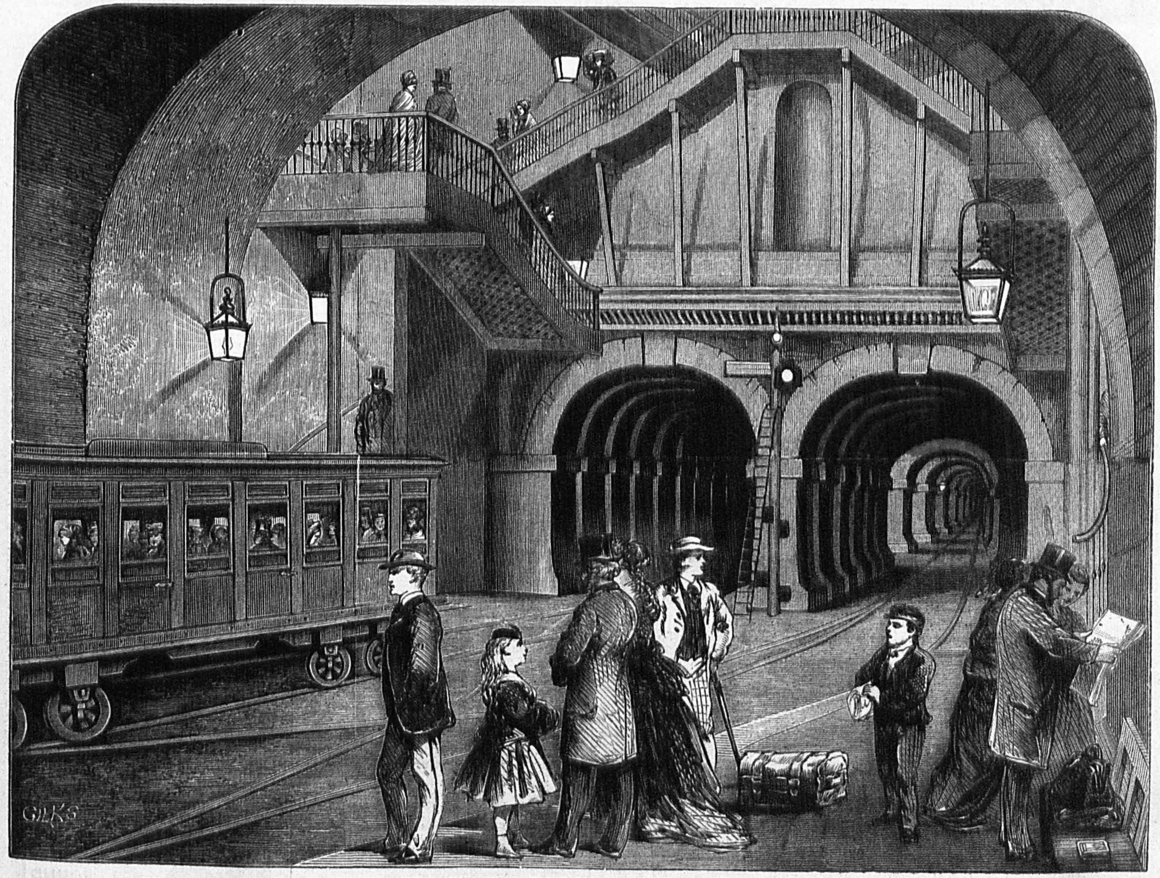

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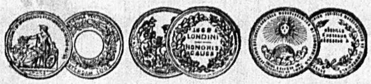

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CHARLES REEVES,

SWORD CUTLER, &c.,
20, *GEORGE STREET, PARADE*,
BIRMINGHAM. [103

AUCTION ROOMS AND FINE ART GALLERIES

(formerly Winstanley's), 44, Church St., Liverpool, Established 1810, for the Sale by Auction of Furniture, Works of Art, Jewellery, Plate, Books, Wines, China, Glass, Hardware, Carpets, Stocks in Trade, and Goods of every description. Consignments invited. Cash advanced, if required.

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Liverpool. [797

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Principal Depot: Oriel House, Bull Street, Birmingham.

Works: 121, Great Charles Street, Birmingham.
Branch Office: Darlington Street, Wolverhampton.
JOSEPH HARRIS, Proprietor.

The above are the largest and most complete Dye Works in the Midland Counties. [445

MR. J. SWINSON,

DENTIST,
SOLIHULL.

Attendance daily. Hours, from 10 till 6. [80

THE BLOOD PURIFIER.

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

This extraordinary medicine has a singular influence over the blood, which it enriches and purifies. It removes all pimples and blotches, purifies the system, and acts like a charm. As a sustaining and purifying tonic it is invaluable, and highly recommended in long-standing cases of indigestion, nervousness, coughs, scrofula, gout, dropsy, and wasting of flesh. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—Get the red and blue wrapper, with the Doctor's head in the centre. No other genuine. In bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., and 11s.

THE OLD DR.'S SARSAPARILLA PILLS

Are the most popular medicine known for all bilious affections, liver and stomach complaints, and indigestion, as proved by thousands.

ALSO SARSAPARILLA OINTMENT,

The best soother of all sores, burns, and scalds; each in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 15, 30, and 60 stamps. [283

Chief Depot—131, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

EPILEPSY or EPILEPTIC FITS.—

W. and J. TAYLOR'S celebrated ANTI-EPILEPTIC MEDICINE effects a speedy and permanent cure of this dreadful disease. It is perfectly harmless, and has a wonderful power of soothing and allaying that irritation and excitement so incidental to epileptics. Bottles, 3s. 6d. each.—W. & J. Taylor, 74, Brunswick Street, Hackney Road, London, E.; or by order of any chemist. [250

THOMSON'S SPRING NOVELTIES.

CRINOLINES.—The new "*Duplex*"

supplies, with the least possible weight, Tournure and Jupon in one. The "Self-Supporting, morning," Crinoline, a most ingenious invention. It will be found to support the dress and retain its own position to absolute perfection. The "Royal Train, evening," Crinoline is a clever adaptation of the self-supporting principle, with the adaptation of a Train, invaluable for evening dresses.

THOMSON'S

CORSETS.—The "*Glove Fitting*"

still further improved this Season, their shape and finish being perfected on Steam Models, they are now faultless in design and manufacture. Although made in many qualities, accurate fit in all is obtained; and, as they do not stretch in wear, their superior shape is permanently preserved.

THOMSON'S

CORSETS.—The "*Curvilinear.*"

An entirely new model of Corset, fitting closer to the waist, yet affording much freer scope for the play and movement of the chest, lungs, and hips than any Corset ever before invented. In material and manufacture, this Corset is of the finest quality.

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CORSET BUSKS.—The "*Unbreakable.*"

By the new patented principle, no perforation of the steel is necessary, thus allowing of a much finer temper, and entirely obviating the risk of the usual breakage.

THOMSON'S

COSTUMES AND PALETOTS.—

For the Spring Season. In the production of these goods, W. S. Thomson and Co. have enlisted the aid of the first Authorities and Artistes. Ladies are therefore assured of finding in them the latest embodiment of high taste. Every garment made of superior material, specially manufactured for it, cut and finished in a style never before offered to the general Public at anything like reasonable prices.

The Name and Trade Mark (*a Crown*), stamped on every genuine article, form the only security.

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FOX'S CAGES FOR CANARIES.

FOX'S CAGES FOR LOVE BIRDS.
FOX'S CAGES FOR BREEDING.
FOX'S CAGES FOR BLACKBIRDS.
FOX'S CAGES FOR LARKS.
FOX'S CAGES FOR SQUIRRELS.
FOX'S CAGES FOR PARROTS.
ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST OF CAGES, WIRE WORK, GARDEN SEATS, &C., free.

WALTER FOX & CO.,
12, High Holborn, W.C. (Eight Doors West of Gray's-Inn Road.) [324

URGENT APPEAL.—The WAR

on the CONTINENT having now happily ENDED, the COMMITTEE of the ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE for INFANTS venture very earnestly to APPEAL on behalf of this charity, which is unable to meet the current expenses of the establishment. It has no funded property, but is dependent entirely upon voluntary support. No salaries are paid but to the household.

Bankers—London and County Bank.
JOSEPH SOUL, Hon. Sec.
Office, 71, Cheapside, E.C.
Votes are given in proportion to contributions. [305

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE,

LOMBARD STREET and CHARING CROSS,
London. Established 1782.
Prompt and liberal Loss Settlements.
Insurances effected in all parts of the world.
610] GEO. W. LOVELL, *Secretary.*

CAUTION.—BETT'S PATENT CAPSULES.

The Public are respectfully Cautioned that BETT'S PATENT CAPSULES are being INFRINGED by importations from abroad. Bett's Name is upon every Capsule he makes for leading Merchants at home and abroad.

1, Wharf Road, City Road, London, April 8, 1868.
And Bordeaux, France. [252

ROTTON PARK RESERVOIR,

EDGBASTON,

IS NOW OPEN to SUBSCRIBERS and the PUBLIC generally for

BOATING, &c.

Subscribers' Tickets may be had at the Lodge, Reservoir-road.

265] W. B. WYATT, Proprietor.

BUYERS of WATCHES, CLOCKS,

and JEWELLERY, can have a Liberal Discount for Cash, at SWINDEN and SONS, 27, Temple Street, Birmingham. [956

SINGING!!!

'Twas all my fancy painted it,
'Twas lovely and did shine;
I'll go and get another,
But not a four-and-nine.

BEST VALUE AND VARIETY EVER OFFERED.

GLOBE HAT WAREHOUSES,
101A and 70, NEW STREET. [846

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."—Isaiah lv. i.

CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA,

BRONCHIAL DISEASES, STOMACH, and LIVER COMPLAINTS,—CURED GRATIS!!

No money, stamps, or any equivalent whatever accepted. As effectually as water quenches thirst, so can these diseases be eradicated by the RECIPE which will be fowarded on the receipt of stamped envelope.—Address, Rev. J. D'Almaine, Bloomsbury House, Manchester. [247

CUBIT'S ELIXIR OF STRENGTH.

—A Cure for INDIGESTION, WIND, SPASMS, HEADACHE, BILIOUS LIVER COMPLAINTS: removing all Eruptions, Pimples, Freckles, and restoring to the pale countenance a beautiful, clear, healthy, and blooming appearance. Sold in cases at 33s., 22s., 11s., 4s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and small size 1s. 1½d. each, by Barclay, Farringdon Street; Kernot, Chrisp Street, Poplar; Butler, 4, Cheapside; Sanger, 150, Oxford Street; Edwards, 38, Old Change; and all Chemists. Any size sent free safely by post on receipt of stamps by Dr. Cubit, 6, Chrisp Street, Poplar, London, E. [298

KAMPTULICON.

The best Floor Covering, clean, warm, and durable.
GOUGH & CO., Original Patentees.
Established 1843.
48, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C. [276

POST FREE.

TWELVE BEAUTIFUL

VARIETIES OF FLOWER SEEDS for the OPEN GARDEN and POT CULTURE. Including Double German Aster and Ten-Week Stocks, Balsam, Scarlet Linum, Mignonette, &c., with descriptive catalogue and amateur's guide, for 14 stamps.

"Extraordinary cheap packet."—*Lloyd's Weekly London News*, Feb. 18th, 1871.

"Will prove a boon to amateur gardeners and others."—*Weekly Times.*

"And will make the garden gay and beautiful at a trifling cost."—*News of the World.*

Address—DANIELS BROTHERS, Seed Growers, Eaton, Norwich. [297

NEXT of KIN (1871 ed.) Now ready,

a Classified and Descriptive INDEX (of 20,000 names guaranteed) to Advertisements for next of Kin, Chancery Heirs, Legatees, &c., from 1700 to 1871, post free 32 stamps. Address, Mr. CULLMER, 17, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. [858

CORNS AND BUNIONS.—A

Gentleman, many years tormented with Corns, will be happy to afford others the information by which he obtained their COMPLETE REMOVAL in a short period, without pain or any inconvenience. —Forward address, on a stamped envelope, to F. Kingston, Esq., Church Street, Ware, Herts. [238

BILIOUS and Liver Complaints,

Indigestion, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Drowsiness, Giddiness, Spasms, and all Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels are quickly removed by that well-known remedy, FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or obtained through any Chemist. [287

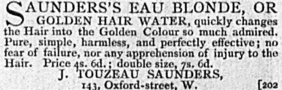
FINE FLAVOURED STRONG

BEEF TEA at about 2½d. a pint. ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of Meat, requiring Baron Liebig, the Inventor's, Signature, on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness. [234

SAUNDERS'S EAU BLONDE, OR

GOLDEN HAIR WATER, quickly changes the Hair into the Golden Colour so much admired. Pure, simple, harmless, and perfectly effective; no fear of failure, nor any apprehension of injury to the Hair. Price 4s. 6d.; double size, 7s. 6d.

J. TOUZEAU SAUNDERS,
143, Oxford-street, W. [202



74B, WORCESTER-STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

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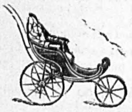


LLOYD & CO.,
157, ISLINGTON,
BIRMINGHAM.

Patentees and Manufacturers of Perambulators, and Bath Chairs of every description.

Wholesale and Retail. [269

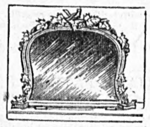
PROTECTION FROM FIRE

BRYANT & MAY'S
TRADE MARK
LIGHT ONLY ON THE BOX
TRADE MARK
PATENT SAFETY MATCHES

THE PUBLIC ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST
DANGEROUS IMITATIONS [410

HAWKES AND ROLANDI,

LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTURERS



CARVERS and GILDERS.

125, *BROMSGROVE STREET, BIRMINGHAM.* [83

CANTHARIDINE
RESTORATIVE
FOR THE HAIR

Prepared by
PEDLEY, FAMILY CHEMIST,
29, *HORSEFAIR, BIRMINGHAM.*
In 1s. and 2s. 6d. Bottles. [88

PALFREY'S, 4, BULL RING,
BIRMINGHAM.
JEWELLERS' & PAWNBROKERS'
CELEBRATED WINDOW MARKS.

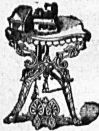
An Endless Variety for Stationers', Tobacconists' and Fancy Trades.

WINDOW TICKETS FOR ALL TRADES

First-class Tickets for Birmingham and Sheffield Goods.

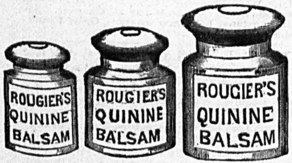
China and Glass Warehouses, Grocers, Drapers, and Outfitters. The most effective and cheapest ever produced.
Largest variety in the world from 6d. the gross. [138

SEWING MACHINES,
UNEQUALLED FOR FAMILY USE.



THE ALBERTA SILENT LOCK-STITCH.

In Casket, complete, 5 gs. With Square Stand, 6 gs. With Ornamental Bronzed Stand, 6½ gs.
The Excelsior, Price with Stand from 6 gs.
Hand Machines from 30s.
First-class Lock-Stitch, from 70s.
LISTS FREE. [307
WHIGHT & MANN, 143, Holborn Hill, London.



One Shilling. Two Shillings. Three Shillings.

QUININE BALSAM.

THIS PREPARATION is used for Restoring and Preserving the Hair, preventing its falling off or discolouring, also retaining its moisture longer than any other preparation of the kind, giving a beautifully brilliant lustre to the Hair, and preserving the Curl.

Coarse Hair it renders soft and silky, more pleasant to the feel and pliable to Curl, and must supersede all other articles professing the same qualities.

Prepared only by J. ROUGIER, Wholesale Perfumer, 55, Union Passage, Birmingham. Sold in Bottles at 1s., 2s., and 3s. each. N.B.—Every known article for the Toilet always in Stock. [37

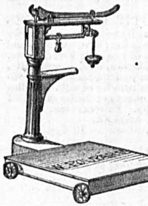
JOHN NEILUS,

GENERAL DECORATOR,

PRIZE MEDAL
INDUSTRIE

5, *MOAT ROW, SMITHFIELD,*

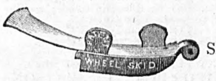
BIRMINGHAM.
Dealer in all kinds of Paper Hangings. [127



W. POUPARD,
PATENTEE & MANUFACTURER,
7, BLACKFRIARS ROAD,
LONDON, S.E.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF SCALES, WEIGHTS, PLATFORM, AND OTHER WEIGHING MACHINES.

(The Life Saver.)



PATENTEE OF THE
SAFETY CURVILINEAR WHEEL SKID.
ALSO PATENTEE OF THE SERPENTINE SCREEN FOR COAL, GRAVEL, &c.
COAL MERCHANTS' TOOLS OF ALL KINDS. [302

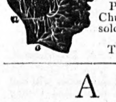
OZOKERIT.—OZOKERIT.
(PATENTED.)
THESE WONDERFUL CANDLES SOLD EVERYWHERE
at 1s. 3d. per lb. in all sizes. Wholesale (only) of
J. C. and J. FIELD, LONDON. [253

BRADEN AND COMPANY'S
SUPERIOR

PREPARED GROATS. PREPARED BARLEY.	For making pure Gruel and Barley Water in Ten Minutes, without the trouble of straining, in 3d. and 6d. packets, and 1s. canisters.
PREPARED PEAS FLOUR.	For making delicious Soup in Ten Minutes, in 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., packets, and 1s. canisters.
BRADEN'S BAKING POWDER. UNADULTERATED.	Puddings without eggs, Bread without Yeast, Pastry Light and Wholesome, and with less Butter.
BRADEN'S EGG POWDER.	One Penny Packet equal to Nine Eggs.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS, CORNDEALERS, OILMEN, AND DRUGGISTS.
MANUFACTORY—STEAM MILLS, WHITE'S GROUNDS, S.E. [251

APPLIED NEURALINE. EXTERNALLY.



THE INSTANT CURE FOR
TIC-DOLOREUX, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM, AND ALL NERVE PAINS.

Prepared by LEATH & ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, corner of Doctors' Commons, and 9, Vere Street, W.; and sold by all Patent Medicine Vendors.
Price 1s. 1½d., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 9d. per bottle.
The Cuts show Nerve-centres, and where Neuraline should be applied.

[241

A SULPHUR BATH

à la Turkey in your own room for One Penny, equal to what you must pay in London 5s. for. This valuable Preparation is distilled from the famous Sulphur Springs of Tivoli, Italy, celebrated throughout the world for their marvellous cures of all Skin Diseases, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Nervousness, &c.

The Preparation or the Waters it is obtained from, by great trouble and expense, have never been known to fail in relieving sufferers from any of the maladies mentioned. Persons of wealth and influence from all countries daily visit these Waters, and derive the benefit they desire.

The manufacturers of this marvellous, but truly genuine article, have, however, placed the same benefits before the million, who may obtain the same relief without leaving their houses or going to any expense. The celebrated Water of Tivoli can be used in your own room daily, in a more effective manner than by bathing in the waters, by adopting the Turkish system with the Concentrated Essence. It is in the reach of every one, for the cost of each bath is only one penny. A common size bath, and to follow the instructions contained in each parcel, are the only implements required. Try no complicated preparations but that of Nature, and you will do well. A quantity sufficient for 60 Baths sent for 5s., or 100 Baths for 8s., carriage paid, direct from the Sole Consignees in Great Britain, JACKSON, BELVIEW, AND CO., Central Chambers, South Castle Street, Liverpool, or most Chemists. Manufactured and prepared by GUISSEPPE MARTINO, Rue de Babeno, La Corso, Rome. [271

CHAPMAN'S
PATENT
Entire Wheat Flour

Highly recommended by the faculty as the most nutritious and easily digested food for infants, children, and invalids. Its richness in *phosphates* makes it invaluable during teething; it is a singularly digestive and nourishing food for children, and is an excellent diet for invalids, being retained in the stomach when Arrowroot, Corn-flour, and similar articles are rejected.

From the "Lancet," 2nd April, 1870.

We hope it will take the place of the purely starchy compounds now in use, both in the case of children and adults.

From Professor ATTFIELD, F.C.S., Professor of Practical Chemistry to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, &c.

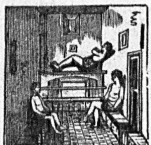
Its richness in gluten or flesh-forming material, and earthy phosphates, or bone and teeth-forming substance, show it to be a very valuable food, especially for children. It is incomparably superior to Arrowroot, Corn-flour, and other forms of starch, which contribute but little to the formation of bone or muscle.

Retail of Family Grocers and Druggists, &c., in 3d., 6d., & 1s. packets, & 3s. Tins. Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors.

Orlando Jones & Co.,
Inventors and Patentees of LONDON,
Rice Starch.

N.B.—This Starch, the Strongest and Purest made, may be used with Cold Water, and retains its stiffness in the Dampest Weather.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S
CHEF D'ŒUVRE
"In peace love tunes the shepherd's reed,
In war he mounts the warrior's steed."
LOVE-LORNE
"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
E'en conquerors feel the power of love."
ATELIER DES FLEURS,
2, New Bond Street, London. [125



TURKISH VAPOUR, SULPHUR, AND MEDICATED BATHS,
No. 14, CRESCENT,
CAMBRIDGE STREET,
BIRMINGHAM.
Open daily for Ladies and Gentlemen (Sundays excepted) from 8 a.m. till 8 p.m.
LIST OF TERMS ON APPLICATION.

N.B.—The only Establishment in the Midland Counties where you can have such a variety of Baths for the purposes of luxury and health.
JAMES MELLING, *Proprietor.*
MISS MELLING, *Superintendent of The Ladies' Department.* [909

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.
Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.
[218

USED IN HER MAJESTY'S KITCHEN,

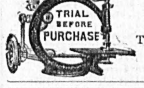
Sold Everywhere.

YEATMANS
YEAST
POWDER.

In 1d., 2d., & 3d. packets, and 6d. canisters.

AND IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.
Sold in Family Packets at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. [43

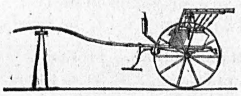
WILLCOX AND GIBBS'
SILENT
SEWING MACHINE



MACHINES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
Machines on Hire.
T. S. TONGUE,
Sole Agent,
3, BULL STREET,
BIRMINGHAM [426

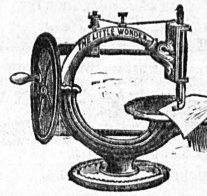
PATENT METALLIC AIR-TIGHT COFFINS, combining all the advantages of Wood Shell, and Lead and Oak Coffins can be obtained *at once* on application to the Head Office of the

PATENT METALLIC AIR-TIGHT COFFIN COMPANY,
158, *GREAT CHARLES STREET,*
BIRMINGHAM.
Prices, &c., sent post free. [503



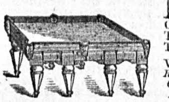
FORDER & CO.'S CELEBRATED LIGHT GIGS. Weight, 3 cwt. In stock: ready to take home with you.—CARRIAGE WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON. [150

SLATER & CO.'S
LITTLE WONDER LOCK-STITCH
SEWING MACHINES.
BOTH SIDES ALIKE, £3 3s.



REDUCTION IN PRICE OF SEWING MACHINES, with all the latest Improvements. The Wheeler and Wilson's, £5 10s.; No. 2 Howe's, £6 10s.; No. 2 Thomas's, £7; Patching Machines, for Repairing Old Boots, or general work, £8. Any other make repaired or altered. Second-hand Machines, £2.—N.B. Slater and Co.'s Manufactory, 18 and 19, Edmund Street, near the Town Hall. [36

CHARLES ALLDRIDGE AND SON,



MANUFACTURERS OF BILLIARD TABLES, BAGATELLE TABLES.
Works & Show Room.
REGENT PARADE CAROLINE ST., BIRMINGHAM.
[594

MATHER'S ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM, extracted from the choicest rose-leaves, removes scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of pomades) to the hair, and prevents baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.—Sold by all chemists in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each—WILLIAM MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate St., London, E.C.; 19, Hanging Ditch, and 106, Chester Road, Manchester.

MATHER'S ROYAL BALSAMIC PLAISTERS (as supplied to the Army and Navy at Scutari Hospital).—Sold by all chemists at 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 8d. each. Caution: Every plaister has the proprietor's signature, trade-mark, and address on the back.

MATHER'S IMPROVED INFANTS' FEEDING BOTTLES, WITH EARTHENWARE FITTINGS. The cheapest ever introduced, and universally admitted to be the most simple, cleanly, and durable.—Sold by all Chemists, at 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. each.

(Established 40 Years.)

STANTON'S CELEBRATED COUGH PILLS are universally acknowledged to be the best for the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs.—W. MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, and 109, Chester Road, Manchester. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

CAUTION.—"W. MATHER, Chester-road, Manchester," on the Government stamp round every box.
Sent Post Free for 16 Stamps. [277

DRESS.

SILKS. SILKS. SILKS.

BAKER and CRISP'S,
The Cheapest House for Silks.
Patterns free.
The Largest Variety in the Kingdom of Cheap, Intermediate, and Best SILKS.

Fancy Silks	29s. 6d. to 55s.
Very Best	55s. to 5 guineas.
Striped and Checked Silks	29s. 6d. to 50s.
Plain Glace Silks	45s. 6d. to 55s.
Very Best	55s. to 4 guineas.
Plain Gros Grains	54s. to 65s.
Very Best	65s. to 95s.
Poult de Soie and Failles	45s. 6d. to 90s.
Japanese Silks	29s. 6d. to 39s. 6d.
Japanese Poplins	29s. 6d. to 39s. 6d.
Evening Silks	35s. 6d. to 65s.
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£27,000 worth of
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In every shade or tint at 2s. 5½d. per yard.
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WHITE PIQUES, 6d. per yard.

A BANKRUPT'S STOCK OF
Two Thousand Pieces
Of these beautiful goods in Cords, Stripes, Checks, and Figures.
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A lot very superior	6¾d. per yard.
Superb Brillantes, usually 1s. yd.	all at 8¾.
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POPLIN DE SOIE & PONDICHERRY CLOTHS.
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100 shades of colour,
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1,200 beautifully Quilted and
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NOTTING HILL, W.
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BEST SILKS ONLY.

BLACK MOIRE ANTIQUES. 3 guineas 8 yards. Double Width, warranted all silk.

BLACK SILKS.

Lot 1. Good useful Best Corded Silks at £1 15s. twelve yards. 2s. 11d. per yard.
Lot 2. Rich Best Gros Grains, £2 7s. twelve yards; 3s. 11d. per yard.
Lot 3. Very Rich. £2 19s. twelve yards; 4s. 11d. per yard.
Lot 4. C. J. BONNETT'S, £3 10s. twelve yards; 5s. 10d. per yard.
Lot 5. Rich Cashmeres, £4 3s. twelve yards; 6s. 11d. per yard.

JAPANESE SILKS.

The most elegant Dress for Dinner or evening wear. Beautiful new shades now ready, including Pink, Sky, Mauve, Green, Grey, Steel, Slate, White and Black. Price £1 11s. 6d. for 12 yards, or 2s. 7½d. per yard. The best quality that can be procured at any price.

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ALPACAS, as worn by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. Exquisite Shades in Pink, Sky, Mauve, Silver-grey, Drab, Slate, Steel, écru Buff, &c., for Dinner or Evening wear. 19s. 6d. 10 yards, 28 inches wide.

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A choice New Spring Costume Cloth, a great novelty, 19s. 6d. 10 yards, 28in. wide; 1s. 11½d. per yard. Exquisite Colourings.

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A most durable texture for Promenade and young ladies' Costumes. 17s. 6d. 10 yards, 29in. wide; 1s. 9d. per yard.

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A Specialité consigned solely to myself. Very elegant and durable. £1 15s. 6d. 12 yards, 25in. wide; 2s. 11½d. per yard.

TOILE DE LUXE, or SILK-FINISHED SERGE,

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12s. 11d. 10 yards, 28in. wide; 1s. 3½d. per yard.

FRENCH POPELINE.—New Shades. 12s. 11d. 10 yards, 28in. wide; 1s. 3½d. per yard.

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PATTERNS FREE.

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"We understand the wedding toilette of Her Royal Highness is to be entirely of British manufacture—dress of white Irish poplin, manufactured, we believe, by O'Reilly, Dunne, and Co., of Dublin; veil and trimmings of Honiton lace."—*Court Circular*, Feb. 4, 1871. Patterns sent post-free. Parcels delivered carriage paid.

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In use the last 70 Years for
INDIGESTION.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

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In use the last 70 Years for
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adopt Morson's Preparation of PEPSINE as the true remedy.—Sold in bottles and boxes from 2s. by all Pharmaceutical Chemists and the Manufacturers.—THOS. MORSON & SON, 124, Southampton Row, Russell Square, London. [845

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Assisted passages under specified conditions may be received. [267

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CABINET FURNITURE OF FIRST-CLASS MAKE.
BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING SUITABLE FOR THE MANSION OR COTTAGE.
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and COSTUMES, 27 inches wide, 10 yards for 12s. 6d. The material is very fine, firm, and soft, and one of the latest specimens of exquisite French taste. Colours are mauve, silver, brown, buff, green, slate, lavender, &c.; the tints are perfect, such as hitherto have only been produced in articles of silk. Ladies may be supplied with any quantity; being sacrificed property, it is selling rapidly. Patterns sent.

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WIDE VELVETEENS, bright and

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SINGLE TEETH FROM 3s. 6d.,
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PERFECT PAINLESS FIXING

Of Everlasting
ARTIFICIAL TEETH
BY
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52, NEW STREET
(Nearly Opposite Theatre Royal).
FROM 3s. 6d. A TOOTH. [63

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BEDSTEAD, BEDDING, AND BED-ROOM FURNITURE
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N.B.—The new and spacious Show-rooms are now open. Inspection is invited. [782

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TOP OF NEW STREET
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J. HILLMAN, Proprietor.

Gentlemen Dining at this Establishment will find every comfort that a large and well-fitted Dining Room can afford.

HOT JOINTS, FISH, SOUPS, &c.,
From Twelve till Four.

Ales and Dublin Stout of the finest quality. Wines and Spirits of the best brands. [209

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Agent for Grover & Baker's Family Sewing Machines.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA.

The best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and the best mild aperient for delicate constitutions, especially adapted for ladies, children, and infants. DINNEFORD & CO., 172, New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.

Use Dinneford's Friction Gloves and Belts. [225

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TARAXACUM OR DANDELION CHOCOLATE.

Prepared from the pure inspissated Juice of the Dandelion Root, combined with Chocolate.

A most agreeable Article of Diet for Breakfast, Luncheon, or Supper, and invaluable to persons predisposed to Affections of the Liver, Spasms, Flatulency, Weak Digestion, or General Debility.

From all Chemists.

Packets, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.

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Annual Income	£528,378
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(Bearing an average Interest of 4½ per cent.)

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AMARELLA restores the human hair to its pristine hue, no matter at what age. J. GOSNELL & CO. have at length, with the aid of one of the most eminent chemists, succeeded in perfecting this wonderful liquid. It is now offered to the public in a more concentrated form, and at a lower price. Sold in bottles at 3s. each, also 5s., 7s. 6d., and 15s. each, including brush. [851

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TOOTH PASTE is greatly superior to any Tooth Powder, gives the Teeth a Pearl-like whiteness, protects the enamel from decay, and imparts a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Price 1s. 6d. per pot.—Angel Passage, 93, Upper Thames Street, London. [852

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